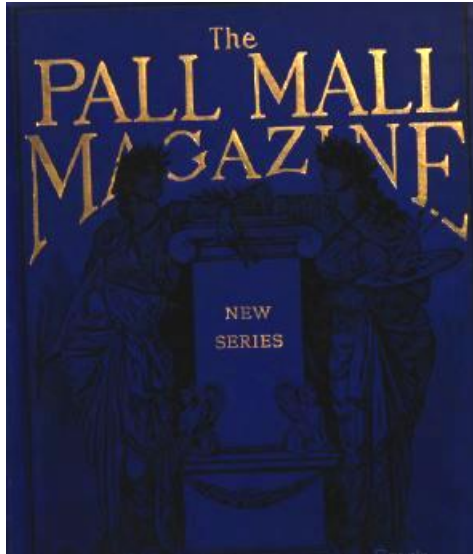


SHORT WORKS FROM THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE of 1908



In between serialized novels by H. G. Wells and Joseph Conrad were these short stories and poetry by popular writers of the day. The most famous to modern audiences would be W. Somerset Maugham, Alfred Noyes, and Jack London. Following is a distillation of those works. Typos are due to optical-scan. Compilation by Matt Pierard. Creative Commons copyright 2017.



THE BRIDGE PARTY: A MONOLOGUE. BY MRS. BARRY PAIN.

TIME : Entirely the present.

SCENE: Mrs. Ashdown's Drawing-room.
Two card tables set out, with four chairs round each.

Clock on mantelpiece. Telephone.

Enter MRS. Ashdown in smart afternoon gown.

Looks at clock.

"HALF-PAST three. I'll just instruct Naylor before they come.

[Goes to speaking tube and rings.] Don't want stray visitors waltzing in, in the middle of a rubber. One must either press them to stay and blight the game, or one must waive all the decencies and speed their departure. [Speaking into tube..] Oh, that you, Naylor? I'm expecting only three ladies for bridge this afternoon: Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Burleigh, and Mrs. Chorton. The others are not coming, so I'm not at home to any one else after four o'clock. [Pause..] Yes. [Pause.] No, I'll ring when I want tea brought in. [Pause.] Thanks.

[Removing one table and chairs as she speaks.] Rather a nuisance my second table falling through at the eleventh hour. At least, half of it fell through, and I had to throw the other half after it—half a loaf being so much worse than no bread on a bridge table. However, a single table has its advantages. You don't get confused by hearing the other's polite wranglings and post-mortems. There ! Now nobody need know that I ever dreamt of two tables.

We ought to have some cosy little rubbers if Mrs. Burleigh keeps her temper. I only hope I cut with her. She'd frighten either of the others into general paralysis, more especially Kitty Chorton, poor little flutterer. Luckily I'm getting used to Mrs. Burleigh. I believe bridge has strengthened my nerves. If you can play a redoubled "no trumper," with Mrs. Burleigh for a partner, and go on living when you lose it, you can do anything.

[telephone bell rings.] Hullo, that'll be Gerald. 'Dining at the club to-night, darling. It's enough to drive any woman to bridge.

[Speaking into telephone resignedly.]

Yes. [Pause.] Oh! I'm Mary Ashdown.

[Pause..] Oh, dear Mrs. Ford, can't you really? [Pause..] I am sorry. [Pause.]

What unutterable cheek Just like them.

They're all the same. [Pause..] Of course, I understand. [Pause.] No, I'm afraid I can't

get any one else in the time. We shall have to play cut-throat. It's the next best thing. [Pause..] Of course I'll forgive you.

[Pause.] No, I'm afraid not. I believe my

sister-in-law knows of a temporary, if that's any use. [Pause.] All right! I'll send her address when I get it. [Pause.] Poor dear ! I've been through it all myself. Pigs, aren't they... [Very sweetly.] So sorry for you. Good-bye. [Replaces receiver.]

Too bad of her ! She could perfectly well have come if she wanted to. Nothing short of sudden death can excuse a player from dropping out at the last moment like this. Unpardonable ! I shan't ask her again in a hurry. Mrs. Burleigh will be furious. She hates cut throat; so do I, so does everybody who has any respect for the game. I wonder—I wish—if only Gerald could get away a little earlier this afternoon and take a hand. He'd be better than nothing. Can but try. [Rings up on telephone.] Too unfortunate that I put off the Thomson girls. That half-loaf would have come in splendidly. They could have sat out in turns. Only girls. [Calls into telephone..] 4370 Gerrard | [Pause..] Yes; if he won't, I shall be furious. If he can't, I shall be disgusted. [At telephone.] Hullo ! that you, Gerald P You needn't put on that voice: it's me—Molly! I say, my second bridge table for this afternoon has fallen through, and now my one and only table is tottering. Mrs. Ford telephones me this minute that she can't come. Isn't it disgraceful? [Pause..] What? [Pause..] Oh, please, don't try to be funny. It's too bad. [Pause..] Oh, servant troubles as usual. [Pause.] No, impossible. Far too late. But couldn't you get away by tea-time, and take her place P # Mrs. Chorton and Mrs. Burleigh. [Pause.] Oh, never mind, she won't kill you; and you're not allowed to use those words on the telephone, anyway. [Pause..] Is that honour bright? [Pause..] Oh, all right. I suppose we'll have to. [Pause..] What? [Pause..] Oh, all right. Good-bye. [Replaces receiver.]

Ass that I was, not to pretend that that cat of a Forestier widow was coming. It's wonderful how "business" melts at her touch. What shall I do? Really this sort of thing is enough to make me sign the anti-bridge pledge to-morrow, or else have all the servants taught the game, so that one can fill these awful gaps at

any moment.

[A bell rings.] That'll be one of them, or both. [Arranging her hair at glass.] Well, I can but explain what has happened and throw myself on their mercy—only Mrs. Burleigh hasn't got any. [Zooks out of window.] Hullo, it's a messenger boy! Now what in the name of wonder these bridge collapses do make one so nervous. [Opens door, goes half through it and talks out..] That a special messenger, Naylor ? Is he waiting an answer ? Oh, thanks.

Shuts door and comes forward with Zetter.] Who ? Kitty Chorton | Now this is the last straw. [Reads.]

DEAR MRS. M.

I've been lunching at the Moltons and have just torn home to send you this. Miss Burleigh was at the luncheon, and told me that her mother was going to play bridge with you this afternoon. Dear Mrs. Ashdown, don't please be angry with me, but I can't play with that woman. I played with her two nights ago at the Fullers, and unfortunately we cut together every time, and she was too rude to me. I really didn't know what I was doing, she frightened me so. Lost her temper disgracefully anybody could see it, and I'm sure they were sorry for me, for I was quite shattered by her rudeness and her horrid sarcasm, and I told Tom on the way home that I'd rather die than play with that woman again. So please make some excuse for me, dear Mrs. Ashdown, and try to forgive

Yours most apologetically,

KITTY CHORTON.

[Dropping on to a chair.] This is too altogether charming. Sum total : Mrs. Burleigh arrives for an afternoon at bridge, and I have to inform her that she either plays double dummy with me or goes without bridge altogether. She'll never forgive me. Can't I put her off? She may not have started yet. [Flies towards the telephone..] Wait ! perhaps she's coming on from somewhere else. Oh! I wish I'd asked any one—the chimney sweep—before I'd asked her. The last woman in the world that one wants to offend, not to say infuriate. If only some one would happen in Oh, I

must tell Naylor to let in anybody, to leave the front door wide open so that anybody can blow in. [Goes towards the speaking-tube. Telephone bell rings.] Oh, gracious ! how that bell gets on one's nerves. [Picks up receiver.] Hullo! Who is it? [Pause..] Oh, Mrs. Burleigh. [Pause..] Yes, Mary Ashdown. [Pause.] Oh, so sorry. I hope it's not going to be influenza. Sounds a little like it. [Pause..] Of course you mustn't dream of it. Such a cold day. I can easily fill your place at the table. [Pause.] Oh, yes. [Sweetly..] Has your daughter come in from the Moltons' luncheon party yet? [Pause..] Yes? [Pause..] Well, another time, I hope. Good-bye. [Replaces receiver with energy.] What a finished liar ! No more headache than that table. Her giraffe of a daughter has told her that Mrs. Chorton was coming here. and she won't play with her. Not good enough. That's the truth of it in a nutshell. [Looks at card table.] But oh, what a wretched lie! What a blessed relief! [Sits on chair at table]. Well, for a bridge party this is not perhaps the biggest success of the season. First it was reduced to cut-throat, then to double dummy, and now ? It's all very well for the rest of them, but what shall I do P I suppose--well, I may as well reduce it to its last expression and have a patience."

[Sits and shuffles cards as the curtain falls.]



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY MRS. HAROLD GORST.

MOLLY was turning over the contents of a trinket-box.

Meanwhile she indulged in reminiscences concerning certain rings of the forget-me-not description, likewise brooches and lockets with "Mizpah" or "A. E. I." engraved upon them.

I picked up a curiously shaped cross attached to a length of scarlet ribbon.

"What is this?" I queried.

My cousin took it from me. "That?"

Oh ! that is my Jacobite badge."

"Jacobite?" I echoed. "What! are you a Jacobite? I had no idea of it. Come now, confess you don't understand anything about the matter?"

Molly was distinctly offended. She drew her tiny figure up to its full height of five feet nothing.

"As it happens, I know a great deal about the subject," she returned. "More over, my League said I was one of the most useful adherents they had ever had."

I apologised, and she duly forgave me.

"But tell me more," I begged.

"We weren't only Jacobites," explained Molly, somewhat flattered by my eagerness; "some of us were Carlists or Bourbonists or Buddhists—no, I forgot, that's a religion—and there were others who were Nihilists, and I think some Anarchists as well, but I'm not quite sure about them."

I preserved my gravity. "And in what way were your services so valuable?"

"Oh! I converted people, won them over to the cause, you know. "Once"—speaking with evident pride—"I took no less than nineteen converts with me to one of our meetings."

"Nineteen That was splendid How did you manage it? Did you have to explain the tenets of your faith to them ?"

She looked puzzled. "I don't exactly know what you mean. I simply said, 'Are you a Jacobite? I wish you were. It's great fun. I'm one.' And then

well then, of course, they joined. . . . They were mostly men," she added, by way of an afterthought. "As a rule the women weren't particularly interested."

I could believe it.

"And what were the political opinions of your mixed party?"

"Oh those were very simple. We only wanted to depose all the present kings and queens, and put the rightful heirs on their thrones."

"Very simple, indeed. May I ask who should by right reign over us?"

"Queen Mary of Bavaria," was the prompt reply, uttered so glibly that I was convinced it was the only thing she had gathered of her League's principles. She evaded all my further queries as

to details and proofs.

"Tell me something of your meetings," I asked.

"Oh ! they were ripping fun. We used to meet once a month at the house of somebody who was the last of the—the—well, I forget the name, but some family well known in history; at least, he wasn't exactly the last of them himself, but a cousin or some sort of relation. You know what I mean, don't you ?

"At those assemblies," continued my cousin, "everybody was in frightful earnest. It was most awfully thrilling to see the converts being sworn in, and clapped on the back with a sword. That made knights or companions of the something or other of them. And then they were—invested I think it was called—with the ribbon and cross of the League."

"It sounds exciting."

"It really was. Sometimes most interesting people came to us. Occasionally we had to pretend not to know who they were ; though, of course, we all did. Once I remember there was a real live queen present. That is to say, she would have been a queen if she had been fairly treated." -

"Who was she ?"

"It was a foreign name, and I never could pronounce it; but I know she had something to do with the Catholic Church, for there was a man—a pope, I believe—dressed up in a funny cap, and wearing a robe with a big cross embroidered on the back, and two of the sweetest little white-surpliced acolytes you can imagine swinging incense in front of her. And the queen sat on a great chair all over carving and gilding. And she wore a long lace veil and a crown, and just behind her was a sort of shield with crossed swords on it, supposed to be symbolical of something belonging to her rightful country."

"What an eye for detail you must have had ! " I remarked ; but she was not listening. -

"All around," she went on, "were knights and people, and they formed a long lane right the length of the room, through which those who were presented to her had to pass until they came in front of the throne."

"And what happened then?"

"Nothing much. We only curtsied or bowed, and kissed her hand. . . . I was one of the very first to be presented. And she said such nice things about the help I had been. I did enjoy it. It was, of course, all very dignified; but it didn't make you nervous, like it does at Buckingham Palace.

"The queen kept me talking quite a long time, and she was so jolly and friendly. But presently I caught a glimpse of some one I most particularly wanted to speak to, and I didn't quite know what the etiquette of the thing was—whether the queen had to be treated like real royalty, and I ought to wait until she dismissed me, or if it would be wrong if I made some excuse and slipped away myself."

"It was rather an awkward dilemma for you. How did you get out of it?"

"Well, as I was wondering what to do, I saw that he **

"He P Who?"

"The man I wanted to speak to, stupid, was about to leave, thinking I wasn't there, for he couldn't see me through the crowd. And we'd quarrelled, you see, and he had come to make it up. So I just bent down and whispered the facts of the case to the queen. She didn't mind a scrap, and she was as sweet as could be and dismissed me at once, and even let me off going backwards out of her presence, because I told her I had on my first long train, and was afraid of tearing it. Wasn't she a brick?"

"She was indeed. Did you make it up with your friend ?"

"Yes. Though after all it wasn't worth while, for we quarrelled again next day. He went to Canada afterwards, and I've never seen him since."

"By the way," I asked, the question suddenly occurring to me, "how came you to be a Jacobite in the first instance ?"

Molly laughed. "I think it was on account of the ribbon and cross," she confessed. "They were so pretty, and you couldn't have them unless you became an adherent to the cause."

"Truly an excellent and feminine reason."

"You can always tell a Jacobite,"

continued my cousin, after an interval spent in decorating the kitten with the badge of her order ("doesn't Fluffy look sweet?"), "because they always put their stamps upside down on envelopes by way of showing respect and loyalty to the people they consider their legitimate sovereigns."

"But I haven't observed that you follow this practice," I objected.

"Oh ! I ? I'm not a Jacobite any longer," she replied, rising and yawning frankly. "You see, when I joined, it was at the beginning of my very first season." "What difference did that make?"

"All the difference in the world. Old Lady Grantley offered to present me, and my frock was just too heavenly for words."

"Well ?"

"Well, I asked a man—a barrister—and he said I was a conspirator, and guilty of high treason, and wouldn't be received at Court if it were known that I was a member of the League. And, as I told you, that frock was perfectly adorable. So, of course, I chucked Jacobitism, and became a—a—what do you call it, when you reverse the thing? a Conservative or a Liberal ?"

"A turncoat," said I grimly.

"I see; well, now I'm that," she replied in all good faith. "Good heavens !"—looking at the clock—"is that really the time? Quarter to eight, and I'm not dressed."

She tripped away, leaving me to meditate on the mental mobility of women until the bell rang for dinner.



THE FOOL'S PARADISE.

BY GERTRUDE M. FOXE

THERE is such a thing as a female cad, I suppose ?" she inquired, laughing unsteadily.

"My knowledge of women is not extensive," he replied,

"Unfortunately, no," she said.

"I know one," he began.

"Do you?" she broke in, looking at him attentively. "I doubt it. . . . You may think you know one. . . . Hence my allusion to the female cad."

"Fraid I don't follow you," he said, looking mystified.

"I wish you had not literally followed me here," she said, smoothing her gloves with her eyes cast down.

"I haven't had a word with you all the evening," he pleaded in extenuation. "I hate cards."

"Then why did you come ?" she asked lightly

"Because you were coming," he replied. "For your sake, I have made more enemies in an evening than I have made in my life before."

"How so?" she inquired impertinently, taking out a pocket mirror and examining her reflected face critically.

"I have revoked. . . . I have made all sorts of foolish mistakes, through yielding to a desire to follow you with my eyes about the room, and I have aroused feelings of murder in the hearts of my fellow-creatures who have lost tricks thereby."

"You should have put your whole heart into the game," she said severely. ** I do."

"Is there any of it left for me?" he inquired.

"Men always become sentimental at the end of a whist party," she said, laughing evasively. "I suppose it is the reaction. . . . I'm dreadfully tired and hungry," she added, with a pathetic expression. "Aren't you going to take me to supper?"

"I brought you here to say something to you," he said, in a low voice. -

"It's come !" she said to herself. "It is no use trying to ward it off any longer." She kept very still and waited. She could hear his quick breathing before he spoke. "I must say it ! . . . I can't endure this torture of suspense any longer. . I love you. . . . I have loved you ever since * -

"Not since the first," she said hurriedly.

"No," he admitted. "I must have been blind then. . . . But now **

"Now," she said, standing up and looking down on him—"now you are

going to see me as I really am.”
 He rose also. “Will you marry me?”
 he asked.
 “No,” she replied.
 A look of great surprise overspread his
 face, surprised mingled with real pain.
 “No,” she said again. “I never meant
 to marry you. . . . I just wanted to prove
 to myself . . . and others that you were
 vulnerable. . . . (You ignored me at
 first, you remember.) . . . This is what
 I meant when I spoke of the female
 cad. . . . I am one. . . . You are not
 the first man . . . I have fooled.”
 “And so,” he said quietly, “I have
 spent all these months in a fool’s paradise?
 I had not sufficient experience of women
 to enable me detect your real feelings.”
 She had turned to leave him. Now she
 faced him again. Her bosom heaved.
 “I am not . . . excusing myself. . . . I
 only want to say this. . . . Until to
 day . . . I had never realised that I was
 doing a thing which could be described
 as caddish. . . . I spent all my early
 days amidst neglect and contempt. My
 mother and sisters used to say to me,
 “No man would ever look at you. . .
 (You didn’t, at first.) . . . Then I
 found out . . . how to win the hearts
 of men. . . . It took a long time to
 learn. . . . But I mastered the lesson. . . .
 Some men, . . . men experienced in deal
 ing with women, have pulled up in
 time. . . . The others . . . well, people
 who called themselves my friends, appreci
 ated the joke. . . . They were invited
 to meet me. . . . Given opportunities of
 seeing me to advantage. . . . Then they
 had to face the laughter of the crowd
 when I explained that I had only been
 fooling, after all. . . . Every one here
 to-night knows that you have been pro
 posing to me. They are waiting. . . . I
 wish you’d say what you think of me,
 instead of standing there ” Her voice
 broke off almost, it seemed, in a sob. She
 turned again to go.
 “Shall I say what I think of you?” he
 asked. Something in his voice made her
 turn again wonderingly. Without a word
 he took her in his arms and kissed her
 three times on the lips. “Are you sure
 you were only fooling ?” he asked, with
 out releasing her. “Because . . . I think

you’ve struck the real thing this time, . . .
 quite by chance.”
 “The . . . real thing?” she faltered,
 trembling.
 “Love,” he answered, looking at her.
 “You only refused me because that crowd
 of fools is expecting to be amused by
 your heartlessness. . . . I may be in
 experienced as regards women; but I am
 a pretty good judge of character. (I’ve
 knocked about the world a bit.) . . . No
 woman who was not at heart brave and
 sincere would have confessed herself in
 the wrong as you have done. . . . You
 acted on an impulse which was born
 of—” He kissed her again.
 “Love,” she whispered.
 The “crowd of fools” looked very
 knowing when the two reappeared, but
 was somewhat mystified by the man’s
 radiant expression and the girl’s obvious
 attempt to avoid questions.
 The fact of the engagement leaked out
 in a few days. “We knew all along that
 she was in love with him,” was the gist of
 the comments made upon it. “She
 thought she hoodwinked us when she
 pretended to be only fooling him. . .
 But, . . . how she did lay herself out to
 catch him . . . Well, really Girls of
 the present day,” etc., etc., etc.





"The two women clasped each other's hands with genuine delight"

THE REFORMATION OF CELIA.

BY MADAME VAN DER GOES.

CELIA got up from the low arm chair in which she had been sitting, crossed the room, and stood in front of the small Adams mirror which hung over the fireplace, in the edge of which were fixed all her invitations for the following weeks. She extracted those for that same afternoon, which were three, and examined them, screwing up her mouth into the meditative out which was peculiar to her. One, with a little smile, she immediately laid down on a small mahogany table next to the fireplace, the other two she looked at thoughtfully and then chose the one on which "Lady Blenkinsop requested her company" at a garden-party. "That's perfect," decided Celia with a little yawn, patting her heavy knot of auburn hair at the back of her head, as she looked at herself in the glass. "They're

not too far away from each other; and although Julia Blenkinsop's friends are not frantically amusing, they're not quite such bores as Mary Arbuthnot's."

Celia Hillyard was not a beauty. Still she had that kind of good looks that one might describe as not brilliant, but satisfactory; features neither very bad nor very good, a neck of an ordinary length, and eyes which were chiefly pleasing through their expression. But she had a mass of red-brown hair inclined to curl without much persuasion, an excellent figure, and a smile which her admirers, particularly if they were young and ingenuous, generally defined as fascinating—perhaps because her lips when parted showed a gleam of very white teeth, and the mouth itself drew to one side in a way which was at the same time comic and attractive. Perhaps her strongest point (only people were not as a rule observant enough to realise it), was the shape of her face—an oval of a purity and perfection not often seen. For the rest she knew perfectly well how to dress, how to walk, and how to talk—was never at a loss for a witty rejoinder, and always, whatever might be the state of the weather or her own health, appeared to be in the highest possible spirits.

She had been married about five years, and unfortunately had not gained from this experience a very high opinion of the holy estate: perhaps because she had started by expecting too much from it—thinking it a sort of earthly paradise full of happy dreams come true. For Celia had only been nineteen when she married, and an idealist, in spite of her sensible grey eyes and practical sallow face, and general air of being quite without sentimental nonsense. But in spite of all these indices to the contrary, she had had more "sentimental nonsense" in her head about the "ideal wife" and "the guardian of the hearth," etc., than most girls at their marriage. So that it was a dreadful come-down to her to seem to find how prosaic a thing the ordinary wife is, particularly in her husband's eyes, and that, whatever glorious ideas she may have about herself, she most emphatically has none about

her. In her angry moments Celia would qualify marriage as a swindle, in her frivolous ones, a joke. And yet Hillyard was not a bad fellow—on the contrary rather a good fellow than otherwise—but he was not a Grandison, although in his own commonplace way quite as dull. It was not his fault, Celia would say to herself, if all her ideals had evaporated; it was the fault of the whole conception which mankind has, as a race, of marriage. A conception so infinitely below what it should be: considering a wife, for instance, in the light of a dining-room table, or drawing-room sofa, or other convenient object, and not as a sacred vestal beside the divine fire of the hearth. But although in the privacy of her over-sensitive and fastidious thoughts Celia would sometimes grow rather exaltée and perhaps a trifle morbid on this subject, she had too much sense of humour to pose as the femme incomprise. So she chose the other extreme, and resolved to throw all ideals, which after all were silly nonsense, to the winds, and to enjoy life, and not to care—not to care about anything. And one of the best ways of enjoying life, she considered, was to do anything for which you felt inclined at the time, whether right or wrong. But after all is there such a thing as right or wrong? And so, in course of time, she found herself involved in a flirtation, more or less innocent, with Graham Townsley, who was a pleasant youth, rather less dull and rather less stupid than his fellows—who was good company, in fact. For he could sparkle pretty continuously, had a manly, pleasant face, the reputation of being a first-rate sportsman, possessed an excellent tailor, and not much conscience: everything, in fact, to attract a woman already more or less determined to be attracted. Celia considered him a pearl, and some times wondered vaguely whether he might by any chance be actually falling in love with her---sometimes even she wondered whether she was falling in love with him. But it didn't matter much, anyhow, if it had not been for the fact that some people took for granted that they were certainly in love with each other and ready to throw all morality to the winds, if they had not already done

so. Celia was unpleasantly conscious of this frame of the public mind as, going up the steps of the Blenkinsops' house that afternoon, she met Mrs. Carsons coming down, who, with a frigid smile on her once handsome but now rather florid and puffy face, offered her a pair of fingers which, from being held horizontally and not vertically, symbolised quite the contrary of a blessing. Celia was annoyed to find herself colouring a little, but, comforted herself by thinking "Tiresome old wretch !" as she continued her way up the steps. But all the same Mrs. Carsons, she knew, represented pretty accurately all the feelings, fads, tastes and opinions of her set.

Celia looked very sinuous, and taller than she really was, in the sweeping, lacy folds of her black gown, and with a large hat covered with crimson roses set on her massed auburn hair. Pleasure and the heat of a July afternoon had brought a tinge of pink into her face, and her eyes were alert and pleased with the world about them. There was flattery in the glances that followed her as she passed through a small rose-coloured drawing room and then through a French window on to the lawn. Here her hostess hastened towards her, all billowing crêpe-de-chine and smiles, and involuntarily Celia heaved a sigh of relief, feeling this warmth pleasantly after Mrs. Carsons' polar civilities. After a voluble welcome Lady Blenkinsop drew Celia towards the humming tea-table, where she, among many familiar faces, male and female, recognised one especially sympathetic to her.

The two sets of teeth gleamed out the same moment into a pleased smile.

"Celia ! How delightful this is !"

"Vi! It's an age since I've seen you !"

And the two women clasped each other's hands with genuine delight.

"Let's go and sit under the rhododendrons," suggested Vi, picking her cup of iced coffee up from the table. "There it's quiet. And let's hear what you've been doing since we were at school together. There's such a noise here that the parrot-house at the Zoo would own itself beaten."

And the women settled themselves in

two low wicker armchairs in the grateful although rather narrow shade of a large clump of brightly glowing rhododendron bushes. They then, alternately, began by giving each other a vague sketch of each other's path of life since it had forked at their leaving of their mutual school. But soon they got upon more entertaining topics, Celia giving rather flippant accounts of the appearance, sayings and doings of those friends whom she had met again in her present life. Discussing other people, in the emptiness of her own heart and life, was congenial to her, and she talked with even more than usual of her habitual careless gaiety, in which there was a touch, as it seemed to her friend, of bitterness and defiance. In her own flood of words, Celia saw, but without quite taking them in, a couple pass, making their way towards other chairs which stood at the opposite side of the rhododendron clump. But Vi realised them with some interest. One of them, the woman, had a shadowy personality; but her companion's, the man's, was arresting, not because it was unusual, but because it was forcible and very sympathetic. He was no longer young, but upright and well made, giving the impression of being, or having been, a soldier; his moustache was white against his ruddy handsome face, and there was a striking will and vitality in the blue

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eyes beneath their bushy eyebrows—something, indeed, in his whole being which commanded respect, esteem. Vi followed them with her eyes till they disappeared round the corner, while Celia asked her with cheerful abruptness, as she tried to dig the point of her parasol into the sun-baked ground: "D'you remember little Lilly Ludlow?" "Yes, of course: why, she was the beauty of the school at one time." "Well, she was married—to a very nice man; but she eloped with a curate." Vi looked at her with questioning surprise, while Celia laughed. "But she always seemed such a nice little thing," Vi murmured, not knowing what else to say, "and I always thought you were particularly fond of her."

"Oh yes, we were great friends. . . . But what was I saying? Oh yes, her husband adored her at first, but then he found out how stupid she was—you remember she was terribly stupid, never could do German verbs, etc.,—and so one fine day he took it into his head to fall in love, or at any rate to think that he did, with pretty Mrs. Thessinger, and poor Lilly was in despair, for of course it was rather ridiculous to be dropped like that. And then she eloped with a parson—to revenge herself, I suppose. But it was really too silly of her, because the parson was pink and crumpled like a new baby, and her husband looked like a man at any rate!"

Both the women laughed; but following almost directly upon Celia's chatter there came these words, reaching them, loud, distinct, emphatic, as an answer apparently to an observation not heard: "No, madam, no—that is not the case. A good woman, and especially a good wife, is the best thing on God's earth. And such a wife has all a man's best self, his truest tenderness, his highest respect, his deepest reverence!"

Old-fashioned though these sentiments were, and rather pompous in the way in which they were expressed, yet, either because of the tone of voice, vibrative, sincere, manly, in which they were said, or because of the contrast with her own rather inane talk, Celia was silenced. Without knowing why herself, the old soldier's words made a considerable impression upon her. For a few moments she was quite unable to speak again, as if the spring of thoughts had suddenly run dry, and yet she was not conscious of any emotion stronger than a mild surprise, and then pleasure mingled with a strange feeling of annoyance and mortification. She tried to pick up her thread again, but Vi now did most of the talking, and Celia was conscious of being very bad company, inattentive, jerkily cheerful, answering without knowing what she meant herself. Suddenly she jumped up. "I believe I shall go home," she said. "I feel tired; I think it must be the heat. Let's settle upon a day for you to come and see me."

A date was settled; and bidding Vi good-bye, and without attempting to discover her hostess among the crowd on the lawn, Celia hastened away. She walked towards the house with bent head, not putting up her parasol in spite of the July sun, the rustle of her trailing skirts on the grass and the murmur of the laughter and talk she was leaving behind her singing the accompaniment to the chief theme which rang dreamily in her ears: "A good wife has all a man's deepest reverence." But presently she smiled slowly, contemptuously, "Yes, no doubt—in theory !"

Arrived on the pavement before the house, Celia shocked the highly respectable servant by declining a vehicle of any kind, and setting off on foot for her next destination. It was not far, and she wanted to walk off her thoughts and impressions. These, to tell the truth, were rather vague : she was only conscious of a distinct feeling of happiness mingled curiously with annoyance.

"What could the silly old thing mean?" she cried to herself suddenly and fretfully, with a nervous frown and her crooked, amused, half-unwilling smile. "He must know as well as I do, and better too, that a man would prefer a chorus-girl to his wife any day. Reverence, love, respect, for us—pooh

And yet she was pleased, at ease, satisfied with a satisfaction which she had not felt for a long time. She enjoyed her walk and prolonged it as much as possible, looking about her with a smile. But suddenly a resolution seemed to fix itself in her mind; she grew serious and mended her pace, her lips tightening themselves over her teeth and her blood mounting into her face.

And as she arrived before the Vaughans' house she heard these words, as if another had said them :

"If one man still believes in us, it is worth while, yes, it is worth while to stick to one's ideals !"

In the Vaughans' tea-room, she immediately, among all the crowd and noise, made out the handsome face and pleasant voice of Graham Townsley, who, although ostensibly giving all his attention to a short girl with very fine blond hair and

an outrageous giggle, had his eyes fixed upon the door by which Celia came in. His face cleared as he saw her, and in a few minutes he had disposed of the giggling girl and joined her.

"You are late," he whispered reproachfully; "but now you're here let's make up for lost time."

Without answering, but with a smile of intelligence, Celia immediately led the way into a little room off the one in which they were, and which was quite deserted. There had been something strained and serious in her welcoming smile which had disconcerted Townsley a little; but he now felt all his serenity returning as, following her into the little boudoir, he noticed again with delight the slightness of her neck, the masses of auburn hair above it, and the grace of all her movements.

No, there was not another woman in London who could walk like that; and, by Jove, she knew how to put on her clothes too.

But once in the little room, Celia turned to him with a grave face, and unburdened her heart. She spoke a good deal and rather excitedly, and the gist of what she said was, that she, Celia, considered that she had been making a fool of herself, that she regretted her flirtation with him, Townsley (although she was obliged to acknowledge that it had been pleasant), and that in the future she wished to be a friend, simply a friend to him like any other.

"But weren't we friends, Celia, nothing but friends?" muttered Townsley sulkily and resentfully from the sofa on which he had thrown himself.

"You know what I mean," said Celia.

"I know that I'm being rather melodramatic and boring, yes, I know it—but I can't help it, and I really mean what I say" (Townsley groaned impatiently). "There must be no more of these appointments, no more of this calling each other Celia and Graham and making each other confidences, and sitting about in corners together, and driving about together in hansoms, and meeting in the park, and—and all the rest. People are already beginning to talk about us, you know."

"You're afraid for your reputation, then," he said, colouring angrily. "I suppose your husband has been lecturing you."

"No," said Celia, with a little irritatingly mysterious smile. "But some one else has, without knowing it." In about half an hour's time, flushed, tired, but triumphant, Celia jumped into a cab, and gave her home address in a voice which had a satisfied ring in it. "Thank Heaven, that's over," she said to herself, "for it was odious—I felt such a brute!". For she had left Townsley sitting on the sofa of the little room, half sad, half-angry, and wholly bewildered. When she got home she found her husband ensconced in a large armchair in his room reading the evening paper; and as she ran in humming a little tune he looked up at her in faint surprise, and with a dawning of interest in her making his eyes for the time being look intelligent.

"Hallo, C.,” he said, welcoming her with good-natured coolness. But Celia knelt down impulsively by his chair. "You must give me a kiss," she said gaily. "For I feel happy—and, besides, I've deserved it !"



MRS. JORDAN.

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

I.

YOU only know a villain when you see him on the stage. The impossible limitations of time and that all-too-drowsy intellect of an audience compel the dramatist to lay on his colours with a heavy hand. He must label his characters from the very first moment when they walk on to the stage. The villain must be dark ; he must wear a heavy moustache. His expression must be saturnine; he must say mysterious things below his breath. Joseph Surface

must always dress in black in the screen scene—then you know he is a villain. There can be no doubt about it. And if he is hissed when first he comes before the footlights, then you may safely prophesy that the play is going to be a success. The audience has grasped his true character.

But that is not the case in real life. In real life your villain or villainess is the most charming of men or the most fascinating of women. You never really believe in their villainy, even when you have found them out. There were so many qualities about them that charmed you; and so, when even their true character is known and you say—"That man was a real villain—a dangerous adventurer"—you feel compelled to add—"but upon my soul, I never met a more charming companion in my life."

If you agree with this; if it presents to your mind a definite personality, then you can realise to a letter the character of Wilfrid Keppell—adventurer, if ever there was one. Here was a man whose moral fibre had been twisted from the first. One can never really trace the beginning of these things. Heredity seems a good and palatable excuse for it all; but heredity is not everything, much as the scientists would have you to believe that it is. There is, however intangible it may be to prove, something distinct about the personality itself. Keppell was alive with intellect; his eyes were lit with it. But it strained its way into the wrong channels. At Eton they began prophesying a career for him, but he just managed to scrape through without expulsion. At the 'varsity he appeared like a meteor, rushing into notoriety as a star shoots on a September night, but in two years he was sent down for misappropriating funds that were unwisely placed in his charge.

It is quite possible that his father's death might have been traced to the shame of this exposure, yet the old man left his son all that he possessed—a fortune that would have satisfied the wildest dreams of any other man. But it did not satisfy Keppell. He went to America to spend it. His friends in England had only the cold shoulder

to offer him, and he felt his abilities to be worthy of something better than that. To America he went, and then, as long as his money lasted, New York found him the charming man that he was. The best clubs opened their doors to him. He entertained with a skilfully calculating eye to the benefits that could accrue from it, and secured them with a grace of manner that gave the impression of the granting of a favour rather than the receipt of one.

Then, when the end of his capital loomed in view—the long-expected arrival of an unavoidable catastrophe—he turned readily, cheerfully, hopefully, to his wits. The ingenuity of a man of this temperament never rusts. Every incident in his life calls it into practice; every circumstance polishes it to brilliancy. From an existence of unqualified luxury, he turned to a life of cunning and adventure, which exacts as much labour from a man as does the service of diplomacy. Here you practically have the genius of his craft; whose hand, instinct with ability, can never, over any period of idleness, lose its original cunning. If any legitimacy can be argued for the efforts of a man who lives by his wits upon the weaknesses and foibles of his fellow-creatures, then Keppell may be said to have been born for the profession. But since this must call into the argument too many paradoxes and subtle inversions of moral principles, then it must be admitted that the pity lay in the fact that Keppell would have made his mark in almost any other honest calling in life.

One mistake he made.
infallible. He married.

Always susceptible to the attractions of women, he permitted infatuation to blunt his cunning when he fell in love with Mrs. Jordan. A widow at all times is an attractive woman, the psychological reason for which is too deep to enter into in such a narrative as this. But when she combines with that illusive state the beauties of a Mrs. Jordan, there is possibly some excuse for a man when the finer perceptions of his intuitive instincts are blinded to her wiles and machinations.

Both married for money, each believing

the other to be burdened with possession. They both awoke to the realisation when the blessing of the church, the sanction of the law, and the sight of God had made them one.

The scene which took place between them when they had learnt their mistake was characteristic of people who realise that progress, to whatever end in this world, is a combination of a series of failures, through which the vitality of persistence maintains a certain momentum towards success. They both laughed; then, through a crossfire of sarcasms, they saw reason.

Obviously their courses were the same. To the same East of promise, their rudders were set; with the same mind their sails would fill and speed them under-way towards that harbour of Fortune which is the goal of all those who adventure through the seas of circumstance. Should they sail alone, or together? She proposed companionship; he, with clearer vision, scanning horizons that were hidden from her, chose to guide his craft by himself.

In one week from the day of their wedding, embittered by the first failure he had made, they separated. A little too willingly he gave her grounds for divorce. She took them with thin lips and that look in a woman's eyes which is harder than steel—the look which enters the eyes of a hawk when it sights prey and hangs waiting on the slender lifting of the wind.

Keppell left New York—left America. It is possible that he thought that better No man is

fortune was to be found in newer fields; it is possible that circumstances were rising out of the past in a cloud grown bigger than a man's hand; but three days after he had left, Mrs. Jordan found his name on the list of first-class passengers bound East. So he departed, leaving behind him an undefended suit for divorce and such debts as he had contrived to live upon since his fortune had been dissipated.

II.

At some period or other of their lives all adventurers go to Monte Carlo ; even

the mother who sails the adventurous voyage of discovery for the worthy suitor to her daughter's hand. Maeterlinck calls the Casino the Temple of Chance. The whole place is a Temple of Chance, whereof the Casino is the high altar. The blood sacrifices are made there—laid readily, willingly, devoutly upon that green altar-cloth with its mystic signs, which covers the tables of roulette. Here you partake of the sacrament of Fortune; and the moment you enter the Temple of Monte Carlo you become a worshipper, to whom the bending of the knee to the God of Fate is as instinctive as the genuflexion before the High Altar in St. Peter's of Rome.

To this cathedral came Mrs. Mapleson, the wife of him whose Porcelain Soap was said to have washed all the crowned heads of Europe, and even to have found its way into the homes of some of the inhabitants of Clonakilty in county Cork. There can be no higher recommendation than this; there can be no greater proof that Mr. Mapleson, who once had been an office-boy in the chemist's department of a large stores, had found that harbour of Fortune towards which his ambition had steered him.

Now Daisy Mapleson, his only daughter, was going through that part of her education which is known as seeing the world. You cannot say that you have seen the world until you have entered those portals which open to the Temple of Chance. So you find them at Monte Carlo, both seated at a roulette table, and, leaning over their chairs between them, the admirable figure, in its immaculate clothes, of Wilfrid Keppell—known to mother and daughter as Lord Harriet sham.

Mrs. Mapleson looked up into his face. The seven years of adventuring in all the corners of the world since he had left New York had altered it but little. The faint touching of grey on the temples, the lines about the mouth which only give to a man the interest of experience, were the most marked differences in his appearance.

"My dear Lord Harrietsham," she said—the lady seated at the table on her left looked round at them both with

increased respect—"this gambling bores me to death." She raked in a little pile of gold.

"That's because you can't lose," he said with a laugh. "It 'ud bore me to win as much as you've done. Are you bored, Miss Mapleson?" Keppell could thrill a woman when he looked at her. So experienced a woman even as Mrs. Jordan had been susceptible to his eyes; and this child, upon whose mind still lay the bloom of romance, lost herself when he looked at her.

"I don't know," she said simperingly; "I don't think I am."

Mrs. Mapleson rose from her chair, and with a vulturous movement another woman had taken her place. "Well, there's no doubt in my mind," she said. "After an hour or two in these rooms I feel as if I were breathing cotton wool—I do, 'pon my word."

"Then we clear out," said Keppell, "we drink our lungs full of cold fresh air, and then we go to Ciro's, and eat British chops that have come straight off the grass of the South Downs."

"What made you think of that?"

"The lunch we had to-day at the Metropole. The dinner, the meals we've been having for the last week."

"I like chops awfully," said Daisy.

"I think it's a jolly idea," said Mrs. Mapleson. "It'll be quite a change to get something cheap."

Keppell laughed.

"I was once offered an English penny in Florence—told that I might have it for the sum of two lire."

"What's that to do with it?" said Daisy. -

"Well, it simply means that English pennies and English chops are different things in value when you want to get them abroad."

Ciro's was crowded, but they found a table in the corner where they could watch the diners. Keppell had a fund of information to give them. He knew every well-known man by sight. There were many he might have approached with a friendly slap on the back; but, as he told Mrs. Mapleson, one does not come out of England to see Englishmen. They always listened with wondering eyes to

everything that he had to say; and in the heart of her, Mrs. Mapleson was assured that the man had been found for her daughter. It would no longer be in conversation, "My husband—he is—is—Porcelain Soap, you know"—and then the covert glance for that look of recognition—recognition of the fact that here were riches. But in the future it would be, "My daughter—she married Lord Harrietsham, you know." Beside that, Porcelain Soap diminished into contemptible insignificance.

They had not been seated at their table for long, when Daisy's eyes, wandering with obvious effort away from Keppell's face, picked out an acquaintance from among the crowd. "Why, there's Lady Steel, mother!" she exclaimed. Mrs. Mapleson's eyes sought her out with expectant pleasure. "Such a dear woman, Lord Harrietsham," she said. "We met her in Cairo last year. She took a great fancy to Daisy. Oh—I see where she is. The woman in that beautiful black dress—she does dress beautifully. You see, she's smiling. She must have seen us before we did her."

Mrs. Mapleson beckoned ecstatically with her eyes, and, making some excuse to her friends, Lady Steel left her table and crossed over to them. . . .

Keppell's eyes never left her face as she approached them, and, though she met them—no flinching—she withdrew them casually again, directing all her attention to the preparatory looks of greeting to her friends.

They gushed over each other—words of endearment are always cheap. Lady Steel kissed Daisy effusively on both cheeks. You would never have thought that a fortnight's stay in a Cairo hotel could be the whole sum-total of their acquaintance.

"May I introduce you to Lord Harrietsham P."

It came at last. It had to come. Mrs. Mapleson saved it up for the significant pause in the conversation—that propitious moment when the sound of a title vibrates on sensitive ears. Lady Steel turned and met the full gaze of Keppell's eyes. But for the colour of her hair, the absolute absence of any recognition in

her face, and the fact that she looked even younger than when he had known that lady seven years ago, this was Mrs. Jordan. Not for one moment since he had risen at her approach had Keppell's senses ceased from searching her for trace or sign of the proof of her identity. But beyond the superficial likeness which had first seized upon his attention, he found none. In America she had had that slight twang peeping here and there from her speech in the pronunciation of a stray word—the burr was upon her r's—charming to listen to, resting to the ear. But now he heard none of that. Her accent came out of the country of England—the accent as he well knew it. But Mrs. Jordan had never been to England. This, as he listened to her pronunciation, was the real article—he knew the stamp of it. Then it was only a likeness of coincidence.

They bowed to each other.

"I know the Somersetshire Harrietsshams," she said. "I suppose they're relations of yours?"

He met the peaceful questioning of her eyes where no trace of suspicion lay. "Relations—yes—of course. I've never met them. It's a small bush that doesn't bear some sort of fruit in every country. I've heard of them."

They talked then of the tables and the Tir aux Pigeons. Mrs. Mapleson thought the sport was cruel, but she was delighted when she heard that Lord Harrietsham had won prizes there and was well known as a shot.

"You must come and have tea with me to-morrow, and we'll have a chat," she went on effusively to Lady Steel.

"I've got a small suite at the Metropole. We can be quiet there. Rumpelmeyer's is so crowded."

III.

When your husband makes Porcelain Soap you talk as little about it as possible; but when the Porcelain Soap makes money, you don't spare your voice in talking about that. Mrs. Mapleson had intimated to Lady Steel in Cairo that she dwelt with her husband in a gold mine. In her private suite at the Metropole in Monte Carlo, she showed her proof of it.

The conversation turned upon jewellery, and Mrs. Mapleson brought out the adornments from her jewel case. A diamond necklace and pendant—a pearl necklace - a diamond tiara - some thousands of pounds lay on the table and glittered in the eyes of Lady Steel. She surveyed them calmly, and generously offered little expressions of delight. They certainly were beautiful. She had a necklace somewhat like that herself. The stones were not quite so large in the pendant, but she believed they could nearly match those in the necklace. She was not really so deeply impressed as Mrs. Mapleson would have hoped. “They all become Daisy’s when she marries,” she said proudly. - “And is she to be married soon ?” Lady Steel asked, with interest. Mrs. Mapleson looked wise. “Didn’t you notice ?” she asked. “Notice what?” “Lord Harrietsham.” Lady Steel’s eyes narrowed. “I did wonder,” she admitted, “but 2x “But What?” “He knows that you are wealthy? He knows that Daisy will be a wealthy woman ?” Mrs. Mapleson sat a little straighter in her chair. “Yes—I suppose he knows—of course he knows. But he is well-to-do himself, and then—his family—I have—I have looked them up. He’s coming here this afternoon. I expect him every minute. In fact he’s out with Daisy at present, and I expect to hear—to hear when they come back.” For a moment Lady Steel sat in silence, then, as if she had come through some mental struggle to a fixed resolve, she looked up. “My dear Mrs. Mapleson,” she said, “I am going to tell you some thing. Mind you, it is only a suspicion. I know, as I said yesterday, the Harriet shams in Somersetshire, and I do not - believe that this—this gentleman is what he would have you believe he is. Mrs. Mapleson wiped her forehead. “Oh—of course it’s a mistake,” she said. “His whole manner, his courtesy, everything about him, prove him to be what he says he is. Besides, when we

go over to England we shall soon know. Of course you must have made a mistake.”

“Then let me prove whether I have or not.”

“But how ?”

“When he comes here this afternoon let me see him alone, in this room if you like 55

“Here they are—I heard them come in. They’re in the next room.”

“Well, then—now. You go into your bedroom. I’ll send Daisy in to you. Leave us alone—I’ll make some excuse—for about half an hour. More if you can. I’m only advising you for your good. If what I suspect is true, it were far better for Daisy that she did not have to wait until she got over to England to prove it.” Mrs. Mapleson stood up. Confusion was written on her face with a legible hand. “In my bedroom ?” she said. “Yes—” -

“But my jewels”—the door into the room half opened—Keppell’s voice could be heard outside. “You look after them.” “They’re all right,” said Lady Steel.

The task of sending Daisy in to her mother was no difficulty to Lady Steel. She kissed her on both cheeks again before she left the room. Then she turned and faced Lord Harrietsham. It was three-quarters of an hour before Mrs. Mapleson, consumed with fear, curiosity, and apprehension, opened the door from her bedroom.

“They’re not here,” she said: “Daisy—they’re not here !”

Daisy came into the room, following her mother, with eyes red from weeping. It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Mapleson could have kept quiet for that three-quarters of an hour.

“Daisy ” The word was a shriek.

“My—di— !”

The whole history of convention is behind the stout lady who faints when her jewels are stolen from her.



THE LESSON.

BY BARRY PAIN

TEACHER: Pray, can you tell me how bread is made ?

CHILD : No. Nor do I see any necessity for the assimilation of knowledge which will almost certainly be useless to me in my subsequent career.

TEACHER: Oh, hush ! You must say your lesson nicely out of the pretty book mama gave you.

CHILD : Pardon me. The little work to which you refer is simple, though probably inaccurate. And, as I have the book, the information is always at my disposal, if by some unlikely chance I should ever require it. There is no necessity for me to learn it by heart. Let me put you just one question, Miss Witherspoon. Did you yourself know how bread was made until an over-sensitive conscience made you believe that it was necessary I should learn about it?

TEACHER : Of course I did. I knew that bread was made from flour.

CHILD : But how slight and worthless is such knowledge Do you know anything at all of the chemistry of fermentation, a subject on which this book barely touches P Do you know anything of the conditions under which bakers work in London ? Can you tell me what legal guarantees we have to prevent adulteration and short weight? Do you know what the Trades Union rate for wages of bakers is ? When a baker, in advertising for a place, says that he "can do a few smalls," do you know what he means ?

TEACHER: My dear child, you are far too young to learn such things at present. You must begin at the beginning.

CHILD : That may be true, if in this case it is necessary for me to begin at all. But certainly, if I begin, I must go on to the end. And the same person who teaches me the beginning must know the end and be able to teach that also. Otherwise there is certain to be something in the early lessons which will be futile and with greater knowledge require correction. I do not wish to make a personal matter of this at all, but the education of children is a subject upon which I have reflected considerably, and I have come to the conclusion that most children are taught many things which have no practical or even educative value for them. And,

secondly, their education is too often entrusted to women who do not really know the subjects which they teach, but only know such scraps of the subjects as are to be found in a child's elementary primer.

TEACHER: But perhaps I do know all these things, about chemistry and wages and so on.

CHILD : Quite so. And perhaps the moon is made of green cheese. But, in the absence of any satisfactory evidence that this is the case, I shall continue to believe the contrary. The fact of the matter is, that you know very little, Miss Witherspoon.

TEACHER: You are not to talk to me like that. You are a very naughty, rude little boy. I shall make you stand in the corner.

CHILD : My dear Miss Witherspoon, I had no intention whatever of being rude. I merely thought it better that you and I should face the facts simply and without affectation. Knowledge has always its money value. Intelligence has also its money value. For the extremely wretched stipendium which my short sighted father pays you he has no right to expect very much knowledge or very much intelligence, nor have I any reason to believe that he gets them. Undoubtedly the very highest salaries paid for teaching should be paid to those who teach children between the ages of three and eight. Professors at universities, on the other hand, instructing those who have already learned to learn, are never worth more than a pound a week, and should not be paid more. The most important part of education for good or evil—and generally for evil—takes place between the ages of three and eight.

TEACHER: What funny ideas you do get into your little brain : Possibly there is some sense in some of them. You think, then, I ought to be paid a very high salary for teaching you?

CHILD : My dear lady, I must have expressed myself very badly if that is what you suppose. I think an adequate teacher for me should certainly be paid very highly. But, if I may speak frankly, I doubt if you are even worth the extremely paltry salary that you receive. You are not teaching because you like

teaching. I should imagine that you disliked it. But you wish to make a livelihood. You may possibly be fond of children in a way, but you do not in the least understand them. Your whole attitude towards children is purely a matter of tradition, and based on no original thought or observation of your own. Take, for instance, that absurd punishment you suggested just now : unless one chooses to think so, it is not a punishment—not even an indignity. The particular part of the floor-space of this room where two walls converge at right angles is not intrinsically worse than any other part of it. The attitude of standing is not more shameful than the attitude of sitting. Unless I am prepared to accept the tradition as you do—and I certainly am not—you cannot punish me in that way. You can make me stand in the corner, but to me it will be no punishment at all.

TEACHER: Jabber, jabber, jabber—I never heard anything like it ! I can find plenty of punishments that would punish you. How would you like to have your pudding stopped at luncheon ?

CHILD: I should dislike it extremely. But that punishment is characterised by exactly the same stupidity as the other. At any time of life regular nutrition is of the first importance. The pudding supplies a physiological need which it would be foolish and even dangerous to thwart.

TEACHER: Now do stop it, there's a good boy! Look at this nice book mama's given you. She will be so disappointed if you have not learnt anything about it. If you don't want to know how bread is made, suppose we see where coffee comes from. Coffee, you know, is a berry, and—Why, there's the clock. Your lesson time is done for to-day.

CHILD : And yours also.



Illustrated By F. H. Townsend.

COUSIN AMY.

BY W. S. MAUGHAM.

AMY is the daughter of my grandmother's nephew by marriage. I cannot imagine that she is any relative of mine; but she insists that we are cousins, and we call one another by our Christian names. Her idea of the connection is that she should treat me with all the unpleasant frankness of a close relation, while on my side there should be the extreme politeness, the flattering attentiveness, of a distant acquaintance. This was all very well when I was eighteen and Cousin Amy twenty six; but now I am five-and-thirty, and Cousin Amy has ceased to count her birthdays. She does not realise that this makes all the difference in the world; and I have never been able to find the exact words in which to frame so delicate a statement. Cousin Amy lives in the country, and I was much surprised to meet her face to face in Piccadilly. She shook me warmly by the hand.

"How nice to see you after all these ages ! We must have a talk, mustn't we ?"

I replied that it would be very agreeable.

"Well, I'm only here for twenty-four hours," she pursued. "Are you doing anything this evening?"

"No, I'm not," I replied with alacrity. I thought it would be pleasant to dine

for once in a way at Cousin Amy's expense. In years gone by she had been apt to presume too far on the privilege (which her sex has never shown any wish to dispute with mine) of paying the bill. "That's capital 1" she said. "Then you can take me out to dinner."

"The prospect fills me with enthusiasm," I retorted icily.

"You know I've become a food reformer?"

"This is nuts," I murmured softly to myself, considering that the fruit in question was reported to be not only nutritious, but cheap. I went on with more earnestness: "And where does one eat reformed food?"

"Oh! anywhere," she answered airily.

"I'm not a faddist, you know. Now I'm going to tell you something very extraordinary: I've never dined at the Ritz." There was a pause, during which you might have heard a pin drop in Piccadilly. But Amy broke it gaily.

"Well, I'll meet you there at eight, shall I? And don't order anything before hand, since I eat next to nothing, you know."

This, at any rate, was consoling, for I had been saving up my money in order to spend a week in Paris and improve my mind. Amy tripped lightly away; and I, finding I had but a couple of pounds in my pocket, thought it would be wise in case of emergency to change a cheque. When we sat down in the evening, Cousin Amy put her gloves on the table and looked round with a happy smile.

"I know we're going to have a charming dinner," she said.

The waiter handed me the menu; but Cousin Amy is a practical woman.

"Now, you'd far better let me order my own dinner," she said. "I only want a snack; and you see, as I can't eat dead beasts, I'd better choose what I can eat." The proposal seemed eminently reasonable. *

Amy cast her eye down the menu.

"At all events, we can start with some hors d'auvres," she said. "Oh! and how delicious! There's potage bisque." I had observed in my glance at the bill of-fare that this was the most expensive soup on the list; but Cousin Amy never

noticed these things. I wondered acidly how she had reached the quite mature age which I positively knew was hers, without acquiring the elements of common decency. I ordered the hors d'auvres and the potage bisque.

"What fish, sir?" said the waiter.

Cousin Amy frowned at the menu. "It seems very extraordinary that you have no salmon," she said, in the arrogant way in which women generally address their inferiors. "It must be in season."

"Well, we have some, madam, but we haven't put it on the card. This is the first we've had."

"There!" said Cousin Amy in triumph.

"You see, you can always get things if you ask for them."

I shuddered to think of the price I should have to pay for salmon which had only come on the London market that morning. I made up my mind that I should have to choose a cheaper hotel in Paris than the one upon which I had fixed. I pointed out to Amy that no woman who respected herself could eat a red fish after a red soup.

"Yes, I know that. I do feel rather a barbarian; but I must eat salmon, as it's full of proteids."

"But surely," I protested, "you told me that you never ate horrible dead beasts."

Amy opened her eyes wide. "Oh! that only applies to warm-blooded creatures; otherwise I couldn't have eaten the soup."

"It's lucky there's not whale on the menu," I murmured, as I meekly ordered the salmon.

I was beginning to think that one did oneself rather well on reformed food. The hors d'auvres were set on the table; and Amy, explaining that she had to eat what she could, emptied the entire contents of three dishes on her plate. I thought they looked rather nice myself, but I hadn't the face to ask the waiter for more.

Then another waiter brought me a list of wines. This was my opportunity, and I seized it like a man. Cousin Amy was certainly growing uncommonly stout; and it is well known that obesity is best treated by abstention from liquid for two

hours after the repast.

"As a food reformer, I take it that you only have a cup of coffee after eating," I said. "I shall have a whisky-and-soda."

"How did you get such a ridiculous idea into your head?" she answered briskly. "On the contrary, my doctor has ordered me to drink wine. You see, I have to keep myself up."

"Ah! what will you have?" I said gloomily.

"Oh! I don't really mind, so long as it's very dry."

I looked at Cousin Amy. "Do you remember the story of the man who was taking a pretty American out to dinner? He asked her what she would drink. 'I guess I'll have champagne,' she said. 'Guess again,' he answered."

"What a sell!" cried Amy, laughing merrily.

I have read somewhere that women have a greater delicacy of perception than men. I certainly never knew any one slower than Cousin Amy to take a hint.

She watched me turn over the pages.

"If you really have no preference," she said, "I think I would like Veuve Cliquot. I always feel that we women ought to stand together."

It appeared that Cousin Amy was a suffragist as well as a food reformer; and after I had ordered the champagne which accorded with her principles, she favoured me with her views on the cause. Amy thoroughly enjoyed the potage bisque, and she positively gloated over the salmon. The obsequious waiter came for further orders.

"Now you see what an economical person I am to have to dinner," said Amy. "Any one else would ask for entrées and roasts and all kinds of abominations like that. But I only want a couple of vegetables, and I've done."

"I remember your saying you only wanted a snack."

She turned to the waiter. She thinks it is so nice to get on friendly terms with a waiter. She likes him to take an intelligent interest in her food.

"Now I'll tell you what I want: you

know those great big asparagus, as large round as your arm? Well, I want some of them."

"Very good, madam," said he.

"It's so lucky I came up to town just when things I really like are in season," she reflected. "In the country we shall have to wait another three months for asparagus and green peas. You will order some peas, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you think you can eat them," I said politely.

"Ah! now you see what a difference it makes to eat in a rational manner. I can eat anything, my dear boy—any thing!"

"I'm quite willing to believe it," I retorted.

She looked at me and smiled broadly.

"But I don't want you to sacrifice your self on my account. I'm not narrow minded, and if you want some flesh I have no objection to your having it."

A pile of asparagus and a great many green peas were set before us, and I knew they were worth their weight in gold. I began to feel more than doubtful about my trip to Paris.

"It's very kind of you," I answered;

"but I seldom have more than a steak for dinner; and after devouring the meal you've ordered I shall feel like a boa constrictor."

"You see, one has to get the proper amount of proteids in," Amy replied calmly, as she ate the giant asparagus. I ate one or two myself, but I was no match for Amy. I no longer wondered that she was growing stout; and I thought that if anybody did marry her, he should be warned in time that to feed a food reformer is no joking matter.

When there was one long monster left on the dish, she seized it deliberately.

"I must eat that one," she said. "It means a handsome husband and five thousand a year."

"He'll want it," I replied.

"I thought I should only spoil my dinner if I had tea," she murmured reflectively.

"That was very considerate of you," I answered.

She leaned back with a sigh and looked at me.

... "How pleased I am to have caught you before you went to Paris !"

"I very much doubt whether I shall be able to afford to go," I said.

- Cousin Amy is an optimist.

"After all, there's no place like home," she answered cheerily. "If you go to Paris you'll probably get typhoid, and you'll certainly spend much more money than you can afford."

Cousin Amy has often besought me to be economical. She takes a cousinly interest in my finances.

At last she finished the peas; and I felt that I could eat nothing more for a week.

Amy was in high spirits.

"Now a little sweet and a little dessert, and I'm done."

I began to admire Amy. I should have liked to introduce the fat boy of Peckham to her.

"Poures à la Melba," she ordered, with one glance at the menu.

With unerring instinct she had hit upon the speciality of the house. I decided definitely not to go to Paris after all.

"Delicious, aren't they ?" she said.

We reached the dessert, and I became weak and silly when she said she had not had strawberries and cream that year. Neither had many other people. Strawberries and cream were brought, mixed together in a huge bowl, and for a fixed sum—a rather large sum, it seemed to me—you could eat as many as you liked.

It was some consolation to me that Amy certainly had her money's worth. When she had done, she leaned back. "After all one misses a great deal if one is a food reformer; but one has the consciousness that one is advancing a good cause. And besides, in Lent one has the advantage of killing two birds with one stone."

We had coffee, and I discovered that Amy had a fine taste in liqueur brandy. She told me her doctor wouldn't let her drink it unless it was very old. When the bill came—I congratulated myself on the fact that Amy had only wanted a snack, for if she had been really hungry I don't know what I should have done. When we parted, she shook hands with me. "I have enjoyed myself," she said. "I'm so sorry I'm not staying in town

longer, but you must come and lunch with me to-morrow. My system is chop for chop you know."

This was new in Cousin Amy, and I put the change down to the advance of years, which have a soft logic of their own.

"I shall be delighted !" I answered promptly. "Where shall we go?"

She looked at me with the utmost effrontery.

"What do you say to the Eustace Miles Restaurant? I should so much like to show you what a vegetarian restaurant is really like."

I have no presence of mind in emergencies, and I accepted Cousin Amy's invitation. But as I wandered away in the rain (I really couldn't afford a hansom) a sadder, poorer, wiser, and much over-eaten man, I murmured to myself: "She may call it chop for chop, if she likes. I call it carrot soup for potage bisque."



SUNSHINE FOR UNCLE GEORGE.

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

"DON'T you want to be a comfort?"

I asked sorrowfully.

"No," said Jane frankly; "not if it makes me uncomfortable, I don't."

She was balancing herself on the arm of the sofa, and one of her black curls had fallen into her eyes. She looked at me comically and shrewdly, with her little head on one side, and I gave up in despair any attempt to put the thing to her on moral grounds.

"Jane," said I solemnly, "your Uncle George is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. You know he is. He is simply rolling."

Jane sniffed. "I do so enjoy my life, mother. If uncle's going to be allowed to make it a burden to me, I shall hate him."

"Your education has been a great expense to us."

Jane flounced off to the window in disgust. "Youth is the springtime of life," she said. "It says so in every book I've ever read. It's simply brutal of you and father. Here I am, young,

pretty, fascinating *y

"My dear," I said, much shocked, "one doesn't talk about these things **

"I do," said she ; "and, besides, you know it's true. Why—why should I waste it all on Uncle George P."

"I am sure you'll enjoy your uncle's beautiful garden," I suggested diplomatically.

"As likely as not he'll only expect me to take an intelligent interest in it if I do."

I looked up from my Mountmellick embroidery eagerly. "But that's just what your father and I wish," I cried.

"We want you to go and cheer your poor uncle up. Since Aunt Emily died he has been terribly lonely. And he must leave his money to some one, Jane, so why not to you? And for your father's sake—(we're not nearly so comfortably off as we could wish, and your uncle doesn't care for us)—but a little tactful affection from you : you can be winning enough if you like, dear Jane."

"I wish you wouldn't try to work on my feelings," said she in injured tones. "It isn't fair."

"There's your cousin Milly," I pursued earnestly. "I saw her going in yesterday with an enormous bunch of roses. I don't suggest that you should take flowers to him, because with his garden so full, it's like taking coals to Newcastle. He would very likely regard it merely as an insult; but just run in as often as you can, and be sunny and bright and sweet. Take an interest in the violas and the early peas. Amuse him with your happy, childish chatter."

Jane moved her foot hastily and upset all the fire-irons with a shrieking clatter. "What unspeakably hateful pictures you do draw," she said. "If you think I mean to waste my life bringing sunshine into Uncle George's, you're jolly well mistaken. I don't want his horrid riches. If you'll only let me alone, I'll marry money. I'd much rather."

"Jane !"

"One way's every bit as mercenary as the other," said she airily, "and not nearly as exciting. Now, mother, you're not going to cry? If you talk about the serpent's tooth, I shall leave the room. It isn't fair. No, I'm not an ungrateful

child. No, I shan't be sorry when it's too late. I've done nothing to be sorry for. Oh, all right, all right, I'll go to Uncle George's if only you won't cry over me. Yes, of course, I love you. No, I haven't changed a bit. Mother, I do wish you wouldn't misunderstand me so. Oh, Lord! I'll go and see Uncle George now."

She went out and slammed the door. I hastily dried my eyes and went on with the Mountmellick. Children may be a blessing, but there are moments | She didn't come in to tea. Her father and I had it alone, and sadly missed the child's bright presence. What was home without pretty Jane?

When I told her father where she was, he said: "A see. Any place better than her home. Well, it's what we must expect now, I suppose."

"We must let the child enjoy herself while she's young," I said with a sigh. It was seven o'clock before she came in, glowing and excited, her dark eyes dancing, her cheeks pink. I was surprised, I confess, to see how happy she looked. "We've had no end of a time," she cried, "I am glad I went."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Did you play at cribbage with your Uncle George ?" I asked with interest. Her father looked surprised, too. You see, we both knew George so well. Jane shook her head. "Oh, I didn't see much of uncle," she cried. "He was having a nap till tea time, and afterwards we got so interested in what we were doing that we forgot him altogether."

Jane giggled. "Milly was there," she said. "And Gwennie Hall. They'd come to be a comfort to uncle, too."

And afterwards Ronald Lowe turned up. He didn't know I'd left school, and he was awfully glad he'd happened to drop in and help uncle with his chrysanthemums when his mother suggested it. It's the first time he's been, and he didn't like the idea much."

I sat up in alarm.

"Oh, Jane," I said, "I might have known that your uncle would be besieged by fortune-hunters now that poor Emily has been taken."

"Flies round the jam," her father

growled.

"I hope you weren't a worry to him."

"I didn't notice," said Jane doubtfully.

"You know, mother, it's all very well to talk, but it isn't nearly as easy to be a comfort to uncle as you might think.

Milly says, when she went in weeks ago, she meant to be a sweet little thing, and his golden-haired darling, and all the rest of it, but uncle was awfully standoffish from the first. When she sat on the arm of his chair, and leaned her fresh young cheek against his grizzled locks, he told her not to breathe in his ear, because it tickled. You and father seem to have forgotten what Uncle George is really like."

"I expect your uncle sees through Milly," I said severely.

"Oh, it isn't only her. Gwen says she soon found out he wasn't going to look upon her as the light of his old eyes either. He's not at all encouraging. I heard her ask him to let her read to him, just as if he'd been the deserving poor. I don't wonder he didn't let her. He said he'd got quite as much of nature's music as he could manage, with the corn crakes in the meadow, and the frogs in the marsh. Poor Gwennie had meant it for the best, and she was quite crushed. She couldn't think of anything else to suggest."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I hope you let your uncle see that you were moved by very different motives."

Jane thought a minute.

"Well, I did, rather," she said. "I guessed that it was no good fussing round him when I saw the mess Milly and Gwen had made of things, and I just left him alone and enjoyed myself. I made them all play hide-and-seek with me."

"What!" cried I. A sudden horrible picture of her uncle's trim garden under these conditions floated into my mind.

"It was rather a good idea," said she modestly. "We pretended we weren't grown up, and had a ripping time. I don't believe uncle would have minded much, only I fell over a frame and broke off some weedy looking things inside it, which turned out afterwards to be some of his most cherished seedlings; but I couldn't help it, could I, and if he is

cross he'll soon get over it."

"I am beginning to wish"—I rose in some agitation and crossed the room to find the scissors—"that I had never suggested **

"Oh, but you wouldn't if you knew what a time I'd had," Jane pursued, with a wicked side glance at me. "Ronald and I found a splendid hiding-place behind the old summer-house, and they didn't find us for hours. I suppose we did make rather a noise while uncle was having his nap, but I daresay it cheered him up for all that to hear our glad young voices in the summer air. Don't you think so, father?" But her father said grimly that he had his doubts, and hadn't she better go and dress.

When she'd gone upstairs he told me rather shortly that he didn't think I'd better encourage her to drop in upon her uncle very often. He said he thought we'd better trust to the claims of blood and Uncle George's inherent sense of justice towards his youngest sister, but I couldn't feel any such confidence myself. If only Jane had been different

"She shall not be asked to go again," I thought.

It was very wet the next morning, and she was late for breakfast. When she did come down, all fresh and smiling in her new white muslin, I thought I'd never seen her look prettier.

"Why not have worn an old dress on such a dreadful day," I suggested, as she kissed me.

"Well, I thought of running round to Uncle George's," she said softly. "Poor Uncle George, I expect he'd like to see me in a pretty frock, don't you?"

"What!" In my agitation I nearly up set the coffee I was handing to her.



Illustrated By Lewis Baumer.

"Yes," said Jane. "Ronald's going too. We're going to use the lower lawn for croquet. It's simply wasted on uncle."

"You'd better stay at home and help your mother." Her father put down his paper. I don't think he'd found the money market cheerful reading. Jane looked up in surprise. "Oh, father, why?"

"I won't have your Uncle George upset. That's why."

"But, father, we won't go near uncle, if we can help it."

"Jane, dear," I said hurriedly, "you mustn't take such liberties with your uncle. He won't like it. I'm sure he won't like it."

"Oh, he'll bear up," said Jane in differently. "It's time some one woke him up a bit."

I gasped.

"You're not to go," said her father sharply. "And there's an end of it." It wasn't—not for Jane.

"I think perhaps you'd better not go, dear," I said persuasively.

"But, mother," she broke in with injured tones, "it's just like you, mother, to persuade me to do a thing against my will, and then blame me for it. You said you wanted me to run in and cheer uncle up very often, and I can't be cheerful

unless I'm happy, and I was happy yesterday, very. Besides, I've promised Ronald."

"Ronald," said her father, "is the kind of young man your uncle most dislikes. He will never do any work. His one idea is amusement."

"So is mine," said Jane. "That's why we get on so well at uncle's. Gwen and Milly are going too. . We told uncle what we'd arranged, and he said as it was all settled, he supposed he'd got to put up with it. I shouldn't like to disappoint uncle. Father, you know what Uncle George is if you break an appointment 77

"Oh, have your own way," said her father sharply. She always did.

"It's stopped raining, but you'd better put on a short skirt and thick boots," said I, as she left the room, "and don't forget your mackintosh, dear."

"Oh, would you?" said Jane, in an uninterested tone; and I saw her presently go past the window in her large white hat covered with pale hydrangeas, a chiffon parasol under her arm, and her full, long skirts lifted to show her little brown shoes. She looked like a white camellia, and she was smiling to herself with her dark head on one side as usual.

She didn't appear again until dinner time, and I wondered uneasily how George could have put up with that rackety crew the whole day. Jane looked tired but quite contented as she dropped into a chair.

"How is your poor uncle?" I inquired anxiously.

Jane considered for a moment. "I never thought of asking," she said. "He's rather cross about the frame, and I've avoided him ever since. Gwennie's been hanging about him all day and trying to be a little ray of sunshine to him. We ordered lunch on the verandah, and when uncle came in and saw it, he said he wasn't fond of picnics, so he had his alone in the dining-room. It seemed a pity, and Gwennie took her's in and had it with him, but he only told her what a bad habit it was to drink with her meals, and who'd brought her up to bolt her food? She was nearly crying, but we cheered her up afterwards when uncle was having his nap. Ronald made me a see-saw on

an old tub we found lying about, and we did have a time. I'm afraid uncle's nap was over sooner than usual, owing to the way I couldn't help screaming when the tub broke. It turned out to be a rather important rain-tub, but it was a rotten old thing, anyhow."

"I'm afraid uncle isn't going to take to me," said she thoughtfully. "But he seems to like Milly better to-day. He was so nice to her at tea-time that she got quite talkative with him, and even made jokes. She asked him if he wouldn't like to adopt her to be a comfort to him in his old age; she never had been satisfied with the parents God gave her, she said." "How dreadfully Clara has brought up that child," I said in horror.

"Yes, that's what Milly thinks," Jane admitted cheerfully. "And uncle thinks so too. But he said he hadn't thought of adopting any one. He'd been brought up to do without luxuries, he said." I breathed a deep sigh of relief. I think it would have broken my heart if George had taken one of Clara's children to his. That little pale anaemic Milly, and Jane there with her face like a June rose. Jane went every day after that. I couldn't stop her, neither could her father, but we hadn't a glimmer of the awful truth until the blow fell. We were uneasy all the time, of course, but we were simply astounded, thunderstruck, when Jane came in one day a fortnight later, and told us she was engaged to be married to her penniless cousin Ronald. I shall never forget her father's face. I simply sat down and cried. Jane didn't cry; she stared at us sulkily, and the end of it was that she was locked up in her bedroom on bread and water. I am afraid we ought to have remembered sooner than we did that she was grown up; but think of it ! Ronald had no money, no application, and not even expectations from his Uncle George. It was outrageous.

With Jane's beauty she might marry any one. And now she had by her wilfulness not only shocked and disgusted her Uncle George, but had endangered her own future. I went upstairs that evening and knocked at her door. There were a few things I wanted to say to her, but

she was still sulking, and did not answer. I thought perhaps she was better left alone after all. The next morning I took up her breakfast myself and unlocked the door nervously, composing my features severely to what I ought to feel. But I needn't have troubled. Her dinner of bread and water lay untasted on the tray, the bed was unslept in ; Jane had disappeared. The window was wide open, and a knotted rope made of strips of my best linen sheets hung from the one iron bar which still stood there, a relic of the days when the room was Jane's nursery. She had climbed down the pear-tree. With an inspiration I rushed to the pincushion and found a little note.

*"DEAR MOTHER,
"I have gone to my only friend.
"JANE."*

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. I abandoned my first idea of hysterics and flew down to the wretched girl's father, and we tore our hair together over our only child's parting words.

"Order the dogcart," said my husband wildly. "I must go first to the young scoundrel's parents to see if they have any clue—"

"I'll go with you," cried I with a sob, and rushed up to dress.

At the end of a two-mile drive, the sight of Ronald's mother quietly weeding her rose-bed was a further outrage.

"Where is your son ?" I asked harshly.

Kate took off a gardening glove and looked surprised. "Ronnie ?" she said.

"I don't know. He was in to lunch yesterday, but I haven't seen him since. He often stays the night with his friends without telling us. We just leave the door open."

Jane's distracted father lashed the pony and turned the dogcart on one wheel. At least it felt like it, and in another minute we were tearing down the road to the nearest station. I told my husband freely what I thought of the way Kate brought up her children, and then relapsed into heart-broken silence. At the station I held the reins while James went and inquired, and I could

have fainted when I saw his face as he came out.

"They've not been here," said he.

"We must try Malinder. I've wired to every one I can think of We'll drive at once to Malinder."

Malinder is five miles away, and the pony had been out at grass. It seemed like a hundred years before we got there, and then only to hear the same baffling story.

"If her uncle finds out," I said blankly, abandoning all wish to comfort him, "he'll cut us all off with a shilling."

"I consider your brother George entirely responsible for this disaster," my husband remarked savagely. "I wish I could afford to tell him so."

"There may be a wire waiting for us at home."

There was. There were, in fact, several wires, each and all disclaiming any knowledge of our Jane's movements. And what could we do now P

"I shall have to go round and tell George," I suggested miserably. "He's my only brother, and he ought to help me now."

It was a desperate resolve, but I could not, dare not, sit down and face my husband for the rest of that terrible day. And at least, I thought, when George knew, it couldn't make him angrier with Jane than he must be already, and it would certainly lessen any chances Ronald Lowe might have.

I trembled as I walked up the drive, and was astonished to notice that the hall door stood wide open. Such a thing had never happened in poor Emily's time. "It turned out to be a rather important rain-tub."

As I waited I heard a shriek from the other side of the house, and a giggle; this giggle I knew well, of my niece Gwen. She and Milly were here then. The parlour-maid who answered to my ring came smiling down the hall. I had ore seen a smile in my brother George's house. I looked round the drawing-room, always before so stuffy and shabby, and nearly sank to the ground. It was full of flowers. Every table, the sacred polished surface of the piano, the window-ledges, all poor Emily's elegant

whatnots, were covered with bowls and jugs and glasses of flowers—roses, sweet peas, single sunflowers, mignonette. The fustiness was gone, the windows wide open, and I heard in the distance another shriek from Milly, another giggle from Gwen.

"Poor George," I said, and trembled again as I heard his step in the hall. He kissed me lightly on the forehead, and told me that my hat was on one side. I broke into a sudden sob at this unexpected mark of affection. -

"What on earth is the matter with the woman ?"

George has a round, red face, and a hard, blue eye. He has been selfish and unsympathetic all his life.

"I came " I faltered. "I came to speak to you about poor Jane."

He sat down heavily. "Um !" he said, "come to apologise, have you?"

"Dear brother," I said, "Jane has been a naughty, naughty girl, but we must forgive her now."

"Why now?" said he gruffly. "Hope it's been a convenience to you, sending her over here morning, noon, and night."

"No, indeed !" I cried. "We have missed the child more than I can say. But she would come. Wild horses wouldn't keep her away from her Uncle George. She—she's so fond of you."

I thought I might as well put in a word for the wretched girl while I could.

"Oh, is she ?" said her uncle meaningly. "She's got a precious queer way of showing it then. She came here and behaved as if the house and garden were her own. She not only ignored me and corrupted the servants, but she absolutely spoiled her nice little well-behaved cousins. She made a beargarden of the place.

She's broken two frames and trodden down ever so many young plants looking for her confounded croquet balls. She's torn off the roses instead of cutting them. Look at this room | She's taken the polish off all Emily's tables. She's given me neuralgia and lumbago and sciatica and influenza and chilblains with her passion for fresh air. She drags me into her games now. Me! Hide-and-seek and croquet, and every damn thing. I've never seen a more badly brought up child

in my life. Bless me, woman, don't cry!" I dried my eyes and looked up. "George," I said, "the child is lost to us now. been—

"Lost!" said Uncle George with a heartless stare. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Last night,"

Whatever her faults may have
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said I in heartbroken tones, "she eloped with her Cousin Ronald. God knows where they are now!"

George had risen from his seat—now he sat down again heavily, and the chair cracked. I heard it. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. "So do I," said he. "They're here."

I rose unsteadily. "Oh, George—what—what?"

"Come here," said he. He took me across the hall to the library. "Look," said he. "And don't sniffle if you can help it. I don't want to disturb them." I gasped. My horror at the sight almost swamped my relief at finding her safe. They were both sitting on the piano stool. She was softly playing, and he was singing in a low voice. Her head was on his shoulder, and the words of the song sank in my ears like a knell.

"My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, Ah, never look so shy?"

But meet, oh meet me in the evening—' Her uncle shut the door again softly, and I followed him in speechless dismay back to the drawing-room.

"A pretty pair," said he grimly as he shut the door.

"I can't tell you how bitterly ashamed—" I began brokenly.

"Stuff!" said George. "Sit down and listen to me. I want to talk to you. I wish to tell you that six months ago, when poor Emily died, I made a new will, leaving my money to you and Clara unconditionally **

I gazed at him with eyes full of grateful tears.

"Oh, George," I murmured brokenly.

"Wait a bit," said he curtly. "I didn't want to. I hated all my relations. I knew they only fussed about me because

of my money, and finally I tossed up between you two and the Society for Exterminating Domestic Animals. You had it. Then Clara began to send Milly, and Kate to send Ronald, and Letitia to send Gwen, all to cheer their poor lonely uncle, and I was fussed and flattered about until I was thoroughly disgusted. I was in despair. I thought of cutting Clara out, and leaving you everything."

"Oh, George!" I cried joyfully.

"Don't interrupt me. You're a bit previous. You overshot the mark, you see, by sending Jane to join the others." My heart sank. -

"If I had known—" I began faintly.

"And Jane came," said he, "not softly and smiling like a district visitor or a cursed tea-agent, but like a young hurricane with only one idea in her head. Jane didn't come to be a comfort to me. She came to have a good time. She left me alone. She didn't sit on the arm of my chair, or stroke my hair the wrong way as if I was an infernal cat, or talk to me as if I was a sick hen—not she **

"She's a silly, headstrong child—" I began again timidly.

"She's honest!" said my brother George surprisingly.

"What?" I could hardly believe my ears. "To call Jane's rudeness—"

"Jane didn't love her Uncle George," he pursued calmly, "and she didn't pretend to. She was frankly bored by him. But she liked the garden to play in, and she liked young Ronald to play with, and so she came. The only time she did condescend to enter into conversation with me, she took the opportunity of giving me a piece of her mind."

smiled—actually smiled at the memory.

"Oh, what did she say?" I cried.

"She said a good deal. She said that if she had money, she wouldn't be such an idiot as to save it up for all the greedy relations who were sitting round waiting for it. "What would you do with it, then?" I asked politely. "I'd spend it on myself, said your daughter Jane, "like water. You'd see how I'd splash it about. I'd enjoy it while I was alive, and if I wanted to benefit my relations, I'd give all the young people a good time, and make them happy now, while I was alive

to see them enjoy themselves.”
 And this was my child.
 tact Jane had always been.
 was again speechless.
 “Last night,” said her uncle cheerfully,
 “young Ronald was dining with me, and
 before we had finished, in came Jane
 through the window, wet to the bone.
 She said you'd locked her in, and that
 she was starving. She'd had to climb out
 of her window by the pear-tree. She said
 she'd never been so hungry in her life,
 and I can well believe it. She ate every
 thing that was left, and rang for more.
 Then she went out and dried her clothes
 and asked my housekeeper to make up a
 bed for her in the spare room. They
 had an uproarious evening. Jane sent
 notes round for Milly and Gwen, and
 they turned most of the furniture out of
 the drawing-room and danced till one
 o'clock. I had to put 'em all up. She
 even made me dance, and trod twice on
 my gouty toe.”
 I could no longer restrain myself. “It
 isn't fair, George,” I said, “that you
 should visit this child's dreadful behaviour
 on me. Shocking as it has been, it isn't
 enough to make you alter your will, and
 abandon your sister. What have I done
 that *
 But George ignored my appeal, and
 went on with some abruptness. “The
 little minx doesn't care a pin for me,” he
 said. -
 I stared. “Oh, but she does,” I cried
 hurriedly, grasping at any loophole.
 “Look here.” I showed him in triumph
 Jane's pin-cushion note. “I am going
 to my only friend, she had written.
 She must mean you,” I said hastily.
 He took it from me, and read it slowly.
 Then he smiled a little thoughtful smile I
 didn't like at all, and put it away carefully
 in his pocket book.
 “Young Ronald,” said he slowly, with
 a side glance at me, “wants a helping
 hand. I must see what I can do for
 young Ronald.”
 I burst into a loud sob. This was too
 much. All Jane's sins were to be visited
 on me, and Kate's boy—Ronald the
 rolling stone—was to benefit by Oh,
 life was bitter indeed!
 In a frenzy of alarm I staggered to my

feet. “Oh, George,” I cried huskily.
 “You're not going to alter your will in
 favour of—”
 “Ronnie ?” he asked. “No. I'm not
 going to leave any money to anybody.”
 I stared at him blankly, wondering
 vaguely if the annoyances of the last
 fortnight had turned his brain.
 “I'm going to take Jane's advice and
 spend my money while I am alive.”
 “But George **
 “Jane says she means to make me
 drain the pleasures of life to the very last
 dregs,” said he with an apprehensive sigh.
 “She's already pointed out the first step.”
 What did he, what could he mean?
 “I'm going to adopt 'em both,” said
 their Uncle George.



THE ELECTRIC TRAM. BY ALFRED NOYES.

BLUFF and burly and splendid,
 B Through roaring traffic-tides,
 By secret lightnings attended
 The land-ship hisses and glides.
 And I sit on its bridge and I watch and I
 dream,
 While the world goes gallantly by,
 With all its crowded houses and its
 coloured shops a-stream,
 Under the June-blue sky,
 Heigh, ho!
 Under the June-blue sky.
 There's a loafer at the kerb with a sulphur-
 coloured pile
 Of “Lights | Lights | Lights ” to sell;
 And a flower-girl there with some lilies and
 a smile
 By the gilt swing-doors of a drinking-hell,
 Where the money is rattling loud and fast,
 And I catch one glimpse as the ship swings
 past
 Of a woman with a babe at her breast
 Wrapped in a ragged shawl,
 She is drinking away with the rest,
 And the sun shines over it all,

Heigh, ho!
 The sun shines over it all !
 And a barrel-organ is playing,
 Somewhere, far away,
 Abide with me, and The world is gone a-
 maying,
 And What will the policeman say ?
 There's a glimpse of the river down an alley
 by a church,
 And the barges with their tawny-coloured
 sails;
 And a grim and grimy coal-wharf where the
 London pigeons
 perch
 And flutter and spread their tails,
 Heigh, ho!
 Flutter and spread their tails.
 Oh! what does it mean, all the pageant and
 the pity,
 The waste and the wonder and the shame?
 I am riding tow'rds the sunset through the
 vision of a city
 Which we cloak with the stupor of a name !
 I am riding through ten thousand thousand
 tragedies and
 terrors,
 Ten million heavens that save and hells
 that damn ;
 And the lightning draws my car tow'rds the
 golden evening
 star;
 So I'll say that I was riding on a tram,
 Heigh, ho!
 I'll say that I was riding on a tram.



CONCERNING THE BOY.
 BY VIOLET SNAGGE.

THE Boy whistled softly as he
 moved about the room, picking
 up one thing and another, and
 putting together those of his possessions
 which were to be left behind. It was
 early yet. The dawn had just come in,
 chill and grey with foreboding of rain,
 and the wind sounded gently disconsolate
 as it sighed amongst the trees and round
 the angles of the house on that October

morning. The weather might have made
 an effort to be a little less depressing, the
 Boy thought, for as it was it would not
 be much of a day, and a little sunshine
 might have helped things through. There
 were so many good-byes to be said before
 another dawn came in, and he hated
 saying good-bye. There was the mater,
 the best mater in the world; she would
 feel it rather just at first, though she had
 always wanted him to apply for this
 special billet, and had not said a word
 even when some ass at the War Office
 told her that it was "a two years' job in
 a deadly climate." Still it was bad to
 say good-bye. There were the horses to
 leave behind, his own hunters and the
 others, the dogs, and all the people about
 the place, the keepers and the grooms,
 good sorts all of them. And the old
 place itself. Altogether it was not going
 to be a nice day, but still the Boy
 whistled softly under his breath, and did
 not feel too depressed, because, after all,
 the "good-bye." that mattered most had
 been said the day before, and, though
 the thought of it had cast a shadow over
 his last few days at home, yet he had
 come away from saying it happier than
 he had thought it possible for any man to
 be, and had wondered, as he rode home
 through the lanes, why he had never
 realised before what a glorious place the
 world was, how good it was to live, and
 how quickly two years in West Africa
 would pass; for had he not now something
 to live for, some one to think of when the
 hours went slowly !

From all of which it may be gathered
 that he was in love, and, because he was
 very young and because he had never
 had the complaint before, he took it
 badly; so badly, that his mother, from
 whom he fondly imagined that he had
 concealed every sign of it, but who had
 recognised the fact long before he was
 aware of it himself, watched the symptoms
 anxiously and tried to hide her heartache
 when she realised that some one else, and
 that a stranger, had taken her Boy from
 her in the last few weeks which she had
 thought would belong to herself. He was
 as anxious as ever to make her happy,
 and still every morning at breakfast put
 at least half his day at her disposal, so

that she had nothing to complain of; and if she could not help noticing the relief with which he heard that he was not wanted, still, she felt that that was as it should be, and only what might have happened long before. For the Boy was twenty-four, and being good to look upon and of an honesty and chivalry above the average, might, had he been so minded, have placed his heart, which was worth having, and his possessions, which were great, at the disposal of more than one amongst the daughters of his mother's old friends without fear of refusal. But he danced with them and hunted with them, and enjoyed life generally with a gay friendliness to all alike that was distinctly discouraging, and went on his way in blissful ignorance of the heartaches he left behind him. There had been no one whose coming or going had made the smallest difference to him, and his mother had secretly rejoiced until one short month ago. Six weeks exactly before the date of his sailing, the Boy heard that the property which marched with his own had at last found a tenant; two weeks later Sir John Pleydell and his daughter Mary had entered into their new possessions; three days later, the Boy's mother, dragging him, an unwilling victim, with her, had felt it her duty, as their nearest neighbour, to call upon them, and from that moment his world was changed. Looking back on these four weeks he could not have told how it began, but somehow after this first visit, from which he had come away feeling unaccountably pleased with life in general, and with his share of it in particular, there had been few days which had not found him spending at least some hours at Kingsmede. There was so much to show them—the best pools for finding trout, the short cut through the woods to his own place; as he explained to his mother, it was “only doing the civil thing to newcomers to show them round a bit.” So the golden September days flew by, and found the Boy developing a faculty for worship which astonished even his mother, though, after the manner of mothers, she had always endowed him with every good gift, and, if he lost something of his spontaneous gaiety in

the process, that was only natural; he had been a boy too long, and now that she had come, the lady of his dreams, he was waking up to a new world, not so happy-go-lucky as the old perhaps, but more wonderful, much more wonderful. The day before he was to sail he had ridden over to Kingsmede late in the afternoon and had had tea by the great open fireplace in the hall with Mary and her father. They had sat on afterwards talking in the firelight, as they always did, and it had all been just as usual except that, like a dead weight at the back of the Boy's mind, lay the chilling thought that it was for the last time. He had tried not to think that the next evening and for all the evenings to come Mary would sit there pouring out tea, with the firelight playing on her hair as it was now, and with Sir John coming in with his cheery account of the day's doings, while the dogs sat round in a sedate circle waiting for what a lucky chance might bring their way; that it would all be just the same, only that he would not be there; and, though he had wanted to make the most of this last visit, and had thought that there would be so much for him and Mary to talk about, somehow a silence had fallen between them, and after Sir John had gone off for his evening pipe the room had grown very still, so still that the Boy had found himself wondering whether Mary too could hear the beating of his heart, which to himself sounded so painfully loud, and he started almost with relief when a log shifted and fell, breaking the silence, and sending a shower of sparks up the wide chimney. He had risen then, and she had risen too, and they had stood together by the hearth, and he had held out his hand to say good-bye and had said, “Mary, you will not forget me?” and she had said, “No, I don't think I can forget.” Something in her voice had made him pause and look down into her eyes, and he had seen that they were misty and soft, and looked a little sorry, and had lost some of their sparkle; and it had been more than he could bear, and before he knew it he had found himself telling her that she must not mind his going away, for

that he could not bear to see her unhappy; but that, if she did mind, he was the happiest man in the world, for he loved her and could not live without her, and if she could ever think of him that was all that mattered, for, though he had nothing to offer her that was worthy of her, still, all his life was hers to do with as she would.

She had been a little frightened at first: his voice had sounded so gruff, and he had seemed so different from the light-hearted Boy she knew; but she had left her hands in his, and had listened while he had told her that he would come back for her when his two years of special service were over, and that after that nothing in the world would ever separate them again. At the end she had turned to him and had said the words that had sung in his heart as he had ridden home under the stars that evening, and that were ringing there still as he moved about his room on that cold October morning: "I don't think I can forget—I will wait."

"So you see how it is, major. One can't help making an effort when there is some one at the other side of the world expecting tremendous things of one, and I can't disappoint her, can I? I don't know if you know what it is like to have the best woman in the world waiting for you, but, by heaven, it is worth having." The major, whose experiences had not lain altogether in that direction, grunted by way of reply, and drew the papers on the table towards him. - -

A year and a half of the Boy's two years' service had gone by, and the end was not so immeasurably far off, and after all it had been a grand time!—hard work and plenty of it, and the climate none too good, but the best men in the world to work under, and a fair measure of success to reward their efforts. Even the major, who, every one had told him, was a surly brute, had been uncommonly good to him, and the Boy had gone to the length of endowing him with his confidences: not that he would understand, for he was well known to be a woman-hater, but a good chap for all that and one to be trusted. Eighteen months under African suns had done little to change the Boy, beyond making him a little leaner and a

good deal browner, and there was the old eagerness and joy of life in his eyes as he leant across the table which had been drawn outside the major's tent.

"I should be awfully glad if you could see your way to letting me go," he said.

"Piggott is really not fit to go. The doctor vetted him this morning and says he hasn't a two-mile walk in him, let alone two hundred miles, or I wouldn't have applied for the job. It would be a chance for me to do something on my own account, and you see I have reasons for wanting to show that I am not such an ass as I look. I should be back in camp inside of three weeks, and you may trust me not to make a hash of the show."

Major Dallison frowned. It was true what the Boy said. Piggott was still too weak, after his turn of fever, to think of going, and some one was wanted to take an expedition into the interior with a message of warning, polite but firm, to the chief of a tribe which had, of late, shown a tendency to become more than a little unruly. There would be no fighting, though the feeling was not altogether friendly; but the mission required tact, and Marriot, the only other officer at his disposal at the moment, was a blundering ass where diplomacy was concerned, and as likely as not to ruin the whole scheme. Besides, though he would not own it, the Boy had a way with him which the major found it difficult to resist. He was always absurdly pleased when any one did him a good turn.

"All right, you can go.

better start to-morrow morning. Take Blackett and twenty-five men; come over this evening after mess, and I will give you your instructions—and don't be such an astounding ass," he added, as the Boy sought energetically to express his gratitude; and turning abruptly away the major went into his tent.

You had

A low, continuous moaning from the narrow camp bedstead, and the irritatingly persistent creak of the ropes as the improvised punkah swung heavily backwards and forwards in the still, hot air, now fainter as sleepiness overcame the punkah-boy sitting crouched against the

side of the tent, and now stronger as the major's foot stirred him to consciousness again, but nothing else save the droning hum of insects to break the stillness of that burning afternoon. The major sat as though carved in stone, his face turned to the bed, his eyes fixed upon the still, straight figure lying upon it. He had sat thus ever since they had carried the Boy into camp the evening before, and stirred only after each visit of the doctor to follow him out and learn his verdict.

He rose now as the latter entered, and for ten minutes or so the two men stooped over the bed, while with deft, strong fingers the doctor moved the bandages and made his examination. Then he looked up, and shook his head. "No change," he said. "We must wait. It is not the wound that is so serious; that in itself is nothing; but the fever is taking it out of him so, and I am afraid of the reaction when it leaves him. There is nothing more to be done until that happens. He has youth and clean living on his side, and we will make a fight of it; and, believe me," he added, as he caught sight of the other's face, "I will do my best." And with an encouraging nod the little man, with the biggest heart and cleverest hands in the Service, went out, leaving Dallison to : silent watching of the figure on the d.

It had all been the very worst luck. The mission had been successfully accomplished, and the expedition was within four days of home with none sick or sorry, when, without warning, as the party defiled through a narrow pass in the hills, a shot had rung out, and the sergeant riding in front had turned in time to see the Boy reel in his saddle and fall heavily sideways, with a bullet wound in the side of his head. It was always the way, the major thought bitterly, as he sat there waiting for the first sign of returning life always the best allowed to suffer. It was some comfort to know that the fanatic who fired the shot was now in chains, that early dawn would bring a just retribution and the grimmest penalty of the law; but the sacrifice of that life would not bring back the other that seemed

to be slowly ebbing away in the burning heat of that heavy, still afternoon; and the major thought of the "some one at the other side of the world," and swore softly and comprehensively under his breath, and wondered whether the incessant moaning would ever cease, and at the unspeakable cruelty of it all. For four days and nights the Boy lay, while the fever took its course, and wasted the strong, straight limbs, and took the tan from his face, and carved out his cheeks into two big hollows with a burning patch in each; and now and again there would be a pause in the moaning, and the major would bend over to catch the hurried words that came tumbling out in a hoarse whisper: "It is all right—tell her it is all right—I am coming—only there is something round my eyes and I can't see—why won't they let me come P Say it, Mary, say it again; say you will wait," and then again at intervals, "Mary—Mary." But after four days the fever subsided suddenly, and left him weak, so weak that the major, whose eyes never left the face of the hastily summoned doctor, was suddenly so reassured by what he saw there, that the reaction was almost greater than he could stand, and he administered a kick of more than usual violence to the punkah-boy by way of relief to his feelings, and took the doctor's hand in his in a grip of iron when he left the tent, but could find no words to express what he felt.

All that night the Boy lay quiet, sleeping at intervals, and hardly moving, except just at first to pluck feebly at the bandages round his eyes; but after the doctor had explained their meaning to him, he did not make even that effort, but lay still until late into the following morning. Even then it was not until the doctor had come and gone that he made an effort to speak, and beckoned the major to his side.

"There should be a letter," he half whispered. "Will you see ? In a blue envelope. It didn't come last mail—I am afraid something may be wrong." The words came in hurried gasps and the hands clenched and unclenched themselves nervously until the major put

a letter into them. Then the strained position relaxed, and the Boy sank comfortably into the pillows.

"Read it," he said. "Just read enough to see if she is all right. I can't see with these things round my eyes—and I must know. You don't mind?"

And then the major took the letter and opened it, and his eye ran down the page and caught the words written there. "It is best that I should tell you before you come back," it said, "and you will understand. You will, I know, feel as I do, that we made a great mistake in taking our friendship for anything more serious. I shall always look back on those days at Kingsmede as some of the very best. You will let me be your friend still, and some day you will come to know, as I have, the meaning of a great love and the difference between that and the boy and-girl friendship which we so foolishly mistook for it, and you will be glad that I have written this."

The major read no further. There was a dead silence in the room. Then the Boy's voice, louder this time and with a note of anxiety in it.

"Well?" he said.

me. Is she all right?"

"What is it? Tell

Why don't you tell me?"

There was a hardly perceptible pause before the major answered. "Everything is splendid," he said. "It is a grand letter."

Then as the Boy evidently expected to hear more he pulled himself together and went on: "She—she says she often thinks of the days at Kingsmede"; then—with a brilliant flight of imagination—"she is counting the days till you get back."

The Boy sighed contentedly. "Thank you," he said. "If you will give me the letter I think I could sleep now."

And the other laid the letter on the bed and went out, and what he suffered need not be told here, for it does not concern the story of the Boy: but, when the major went back into the tent and moved to the side of the narrow bed, where the Boy lay smiling in his sleep with the letter clasped closely in his hand, he thanked God for the lie that he had

told; for as he looked he saw that the Boy would be spared the bitterness of awakening, and that the strong, faithful spirit had gone out into the Unknown. And so the Boy died, with no thought for the mother whose heart would break, or for the friend who would gladly have given his life for him; but with a smile on his lips for the woman who forgot.



Illustrated By A. Wallis Mills.

MAJOR BUTTERFIELD'S ADVENTURE. BY HENRY A. HERING.

MAJOR. JOHN BUTTERFIELD was wheeling his punctured bicycle along an unfrequented road in Brittany. Rain was falling heavily, and for half an hour he had sought in vain for shelter. Now he gave an exclamation of relief, for there on the horizon was a cottage. With renewed vigour he pushed his machine up the hill, and then along the tortuous side-track that led to his goal. But his spirits sank as he drew near it; for the door was closed, so were the

shutters, and no smoke came from the chimney. - -

Leaving his bicycle at the gate, he walked up the path, and knocked at the door. There was no response. He knocked again, and again repeated his knock—without result. Mr. Butterfield, though a magistrate of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was only human, and he gave vent to an exclamation for which in his judicial moments he would no doubt have found it necessary to fine himself half a CrOWn.

He tried the door, but found it fastened. Then he tried the big shutter reaching to the ground. Here he had better luck, for the shutter opened. Mr. Butterfield tried the window behind. His luck continued; for the window also opened, and he was free to enter the house.

He walked in, and looked around. As he did so he could not repress an exclamation of surprise, for instead of finding himself in some poor Breton cottage, he was in a room which an artist might have designed for his home. The walls were covered with light brown canvas, made into panels with broad green braid; and on every panel a print was hung. There was an open hearth with fire-dogs, a couch, a table, chairs, rugs on the polished floor, a bijou piano, a shelf of books, a leather screen, some bits of china, and the gleam of copper. Mr. Butterfield noted that opposite the outer door were the stairs leading to the chamber above, and that at the other end of the room was another door. He went through this door, and found himself in a little kitchen. There was no fire in the stove. The tenants had evidently gone away, and unwittingly left the window and shutter unfastened. What luck for a storm-bound traveller ! Of course he would shelter there until the weather cleared.

But his bicycle was outside. He trundled it through the garden, and carried it into the kitchen, and there changed into the dry things which he had with him. Then he found some fuel, with which he lit a fire in the other room, and soon was seated before it in a snug wicker chair, while his clothes were drying at his side.

For some time Mr. Butterfield sat there, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and congratulating himself on having discovered this delightful retreat. Should the owner of it return, and find an uninvited guest in possession of his house, it was to be hoped that he would accept an explanation in the spirit in which it was offered. “Force majeure ” was a good phrase, and would probably meet the occasion. Mr. Butterfield was arranging some sentences in French which would aptly incorporate these words, when there was a knock at the outer door.

“Confound it, who can that be ?” he thought. “The owner would not knock. It must be some friends of his—possibly a neighbour. How the dickens shall I explain to him ' ”

The knock was repeated. He would have to open the door at once. The longer the delay, the more difficult the explanation. He opened it. Outside were a man and a woman in motoring wraps—the lady holding an umbrella. For a moment the two men stared at each other. Then the stranger raised his cap. “We are taking the liberty of asking you for shelter,” he said in excellent English.

“If you would be so very kind,” added the lady, with a charming foreign accent. Mr. Butterfield felt that this application was very awkward. He had made himself at home in the house, trusting that his explanations would be taken in good part in case the owner returned; but the matter would become exceedingly complicated if he were to assume the proprietorship of the place and entertain guests. But what else could he do? He could not very well explain to these people that he was an intruder, but he could not refuse them shelter. As it was, his hesitation must seem strange to them standing outside in the rain.

“Enter, please,” said Mr. Butterfield, with very little hospitality in his voice. They accepted the invitation with alacrity. The rain was streaming from their wraps, and Mr. Butterfield suggested they should hang them up on a row of pegs by the door. As they did so he took stock of his visitors. The one was a well-set, clean-shaven man, with mobile

face and pleasant smile, the other a tall, dark, and strikingly handsome woman. "I'm afraid you are very wet," said Butterfield politely to her. "Oh, not at all—that is, only my feet. My shoes are unfortunately wet through." "Perhaps monsieur has a pair which he might lend you?" suggested the man. Butterfield hesitated. He did not know if there were any lady's shoes in the house, or any shoes at all. "If you will excuse me for a moment," he said, "I will see what there is." He went upstairs, and entered the bedroom. On one of the beds was thrown a lady's dress. On the other bed were various articles of man's attire. This was disquieting. The owners of these had apparently only gone away temporarily. They might come back at any moment. But at any rate there were plenty of shoes. - Butterfield returned to his guests. "If you will go upstairs," he said to the lady, "you will no doubt find what you require." Then he felt that something more was necessary, and took a bold plunge into fiction. "I am sorry that my wife is away at present," he added. "The room is in disorder, as the servant is also away. Perhaps you will excuse it." "You are very kind," said the lady, "and I cannot thank you sufficiently. Please do not apologise." Then she went upstairs. The man advanced to the fire. "Ah ! this is—how do you say it?—cosy, yes, cosy," he said, rubbing his hands in the warmth. "You have got very snug quarters here. It is quite unexpected to find such a house on this bare Breton coast." "Oh, it is passable," said Butterfield, with becoming modesty, "but it is very unfortunate that I am alone at the moment. I will take these things which I was drying into the kitchen. And we must have a light." He returned with matches, and lit the lamp on the table. The Frenchman inspected the walls. "What a collection of treasures you have," he said. "Portrait of Bernhardt, —signed, I see—and Coquelin aîné, also. You are fortunate, monsieur. They are friends of yours?" "Yes," said Butterfield, feeling that

it was useless to stick at trifles now. There was a rustling of skirts, and the lady descended. "Madame's shoes fitted me admirably," she said. "How can I thank you sufficiently Oh, Anton, quel joli salon !" she exclaimed as she surveyed the room, which indeed showed to advantage in the glow from the hearth and the light of the lamp. "Monsieur plays?" she added, pointing to the piano. "No," said Butterfield. "My wife does," he explained. "May I?" said the Frenchman, as he opened the instrument. He sat down, and ran his fingers over the keys. "Rule Britannia : Britannia rule the waves ! Britons never, never, never shall be slaves," he trolled to a perfect accompaniment. "A fine song, Monsieur," he said. "It is the only decent air you English have to show for the last two hundred years." "That's a pretty sweeping statement," said Mr. Butterfield. "What about Sullivan?" "Sullivan !" echoed the Frenchman. "Ah, I have heard him on—how do you call it?—on the barrel-organ." "Sullivan had a knighthood conferred upon him for his musical eminence," said Mr. Butterfield pompously. "Sir Sullivan, n'est-ce pas ? Mon Dieu ! But you are practical to knight the barrel-organist. Sir, do not mistake me. I honour your race. You have many great qualities, but you have lost the art of music. You do not understand it. Do they, ma chérie?" "Oh, dame, non," responded the lady, and Mr. Butterfield was astonished at the terms of her reply. "But," continued the man, rising from the piano, "you understand one thing par excellence—provisions. Have you not also knighted your Felix Potin – Sir Lipton ? Oh, yes, you understand the provisions. We have not eaten since noon, and we are ravenously hungry. May we trespass upon your hospitality, and beg a bone ?" at all. Behold, I engage myself to you, monsieur, as your servant. I will inspect the larder. Stop!" And she held up a warning finger as the others were preparing to follow her. "Stay where you

are, messieurs. I will do everything myself. See if I do not do it well.”

The Frenchman gazed after her

“If you would be so very kind,” added the lady.

“I was just going to suggest refreshments,” said Butterfield; “but the fact is I hardly know what is in the larder. My household arrangements are rather upset just now.”

“Allons,” said the lady. “Madame is away, and monsieur's servant also. Monsieur does not know where the provisions are, or perhaps if he has any provisions admiringly. Isn't she adorable?” he said. “Let her please herself. She can make bricks where there is no straw. But I must introduce myself. I am the Vicomte de Montpellier, and that lady is my wife. We were on our way to Val André, when our automobile broke down on those cursed roads a mile from here.”

“Your chauffeur?” asked Butterfield. Possibly he has fallen over the cliffs. It is of little importance. There are plenty more chauffeurs to be had.”

Mr. Butterfield was shocked at the lightness with which his visitor spoke of human life. He understood now why the French Revolution took place.

The kitchen door opened, and out came the Vicomtesse with a tablecloth. Butterfield lifted the lamp, and the lady spread the cloth.

“Your dinner will be served in one half-hour, messieurs,” she said. “Have patience.” Then with a bewitching smile she returned to the kitchen.

“What are you cooking?” asked the Vicomte, following her.

She turned round. “Anton, advance at your peril—I forbid it,” she exclaimed, drawing herself up and filling the doorway. Her eyes gleamed, and, as he still persisted, she snatched up a knife from behind her, and flourished it.

The Vicomte drew back in alarm, and his wife burst into a merry peal of laughter, “Do not fear, Anton,” she said, throwing down the knife. “Mon Dieu ! but my husband is a coward, monsieur,” she cried scornfully. “Once a coward, always a coward : in the China war he ran away from a mandarin and was dismissed from the army. But I love you, Anton, I love

you,” she cried, impulsively flinging her arms about his neck and kissing him.

Then, as if ashamed of her display of feeling, she ran into the kitchen, and banged the door behind her.

The Vicomte threw himself into a chair, and Butterfield preserved a sympathetic silence. Why were these French people so impulsive ? What satisfaction could the Vicomtesse derive from giving her husband away to a stranger ?

At length the Vicomte spoke. “My wife has involuntarily exposed a page of my life which I would gladly have left closed, monsieur,” he said bitterly. “So be it. In me you behold the last of the Montpelliers—drummed out of the army, stripped of my decorations and my honour. I have nothing left in the world but my wife and my fortune. Men turn from me. That is why I am so delighted to spend a few hours under your roof. You do not turn from me, and it is well some times for man to speak to man.”

Then he relapsed into gloom. This unhappy reference to the past had evidently touched him deeply, for he sat there gazing moodily into the fire.

The Vicomtesse entered with plates and cutlery, and Butterfield watched her as she arranged them on the table with businesslike celerity. She was a marvelously beautiful woman—accomplished and domesticated. What a shame that she was married to a coward

“Confess, now,” she said, drawing back to inspect the general effect of her arrangements, “confess it is nicely done. Messieurs, your dinner will be served in one quarter of an hour: Potage au vermicelle, poisson—sardines, viande froide, fromage and strawberries. Vin rouge and vin blanc. Cidre. Perhaps there may also be an omelette. Who knows?”

She ticked off the various items of the menu on her fingers, made an elaborate curtsy, and returned to the kitchen.

The Vicomte was still wrapped in his gloomy thoughts. “Yes,” he now said, “all men turn from me but you and my chauffeur—and he has probably broken his neck. Tell me your name, and your English home.”

“John Butterfield, Ossett, Yorkshire.”

“John Butterfield Ossett,” repeated

the Vicomte. "It is a fine name. Are you of the old English nobility?"

"No," said Mr. Butterfield.

"Ah, that is a pity, Mr. John Butterfield Ossett. But why should you come to Brittany and live in this little house?"

Butterfield thought a moment. "I—er—want seclusion," he said, "and I can get it here."

The Vicomte looked hard at him.

"Tell me," he whispered, "have you also a secret? Are you a coward too? Have you been drummed out of the redcoat army?"

Mr. Butterfield shook his head. "I am at the present time the major commanding our volunteer battalion of the Duke of Marlborough's Own."

"A major," cried the Vicomte. "A major in the Duke of Malbrough's Own!" He sat down at the piano and sang:

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine:
Malbrough sen va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."

Then he jumped up. "Ma chérie!" he called out, and the Vicomtesse appeared at the door, with her sleeves rolled back. "Allow me to present Major Butterfield Ossett, of the Duc de Malbrough's regiment—the Vicomtesse de Montpellier."

All three bowed, and then the Vicomte continued his song pianissimo.

"You are a soldier, monsieur," said the lady, gazing on the major with greater interest than she had yet shown in him. "I adore soldiers—when they are brave."

Then she gave a pathetic little sigh, and returned to her duties, leaving Butterfield agreeably impressed by her interest in soldiers in general, and himself in particular. "At length the Vicomte spoke."

The Vicomte continued at the piano. He now played the "Funeral March of a Hero" with great feeling.

"Allons," said the Vicomtesse, coming from the kitchen with a plate of steaming soup in her hands. "Allons, messieurs. The dinner is served."

They sat down. The soup was piping hot, the sardines were fresh, the omelette melted in their mouths. Perhaps the cold meat challenged invidious comparison, but the Camembert was good, the

strawberries delicious. The wine and the cider were excellent. A sense of well-being pervaded Butterfield. He felt at peace with all the world, and he thanked his lucky stars for his guests. But for them he would certainly not have had such a meal. And what guests they were! The little cloud had passed, and the Vicomte and his wife were simply charming. Their wit and their good spirits were never ending.

And there was something that caused his pulses to beat quicker. Twice he had found the Vicomtesse looking at him with surely more than ordinary interest. At any rate, her eyes had fallen before his in delicious confusion. Butterfield the magistrate had been surprised, and had tried to be shocked; but Butterfield the major knew that a woman married to a military coward would naturally take an exceptional interest in the representative of the army of another nation, and Butterfield the man of the world had been quite complacent about the matter. Then the various Butterfields remembered that only a few minutes ago she had declared her love for her husband with unnecessary emphasis, so they gave up attempting to analyse her feelings, which were evidently extraordinarily complicated.

"Cheer up, Butterfield Ossett," cried the Vicomte, who had noticed his abstraction. Then he rose to his feet. "Monsieur the Major," he said, "on behalf of myself and my adored wife, I desire to thank you for your hospitality this evening, for your entertainment, and for your delightful society. Sometimes we are told that your countrymen are cold, formal, and even arrogant, and that they are ever ready to take advantage of others. Monsieur the Major, it is a lie. In you we behold at once a brave man, who rightly enjoys the confidence of your minister of war, and one who is hospitable and charming. Already in my mind I see you, a leader of men and of armies, advancing to the conquest of the world, as you to-night have conquered us. Madame la Vicomtesse, I ask you to raise your glass in honour of our host."

The Vicomtesse smiled graciously as her lips touched her glass, and Butterfield felt that the Vicomte's eulogies were

deserved. If needs be he could lead an army. At any rate, his management of the volunteer battalion of the Duke of Marlborough's Own had been highly commended by the War Office. These foreigners were wonderfully intuitive in their perceptions.

He rose to reply to the toast, and his long years of practice in after-dinner oratory stood him in good stead. "Mon sieur le Vicomte de Montpellier," he began, "I am a man of action and not of words, but I should like to thank you for your all too flattering remarks. I assure you that it has given me the greatest pleasure to entertain you this evening, and I have to thank Madame la Vicomtesse for the most charming dinner of my life." Here he paused, and then, allowing his imagination free play, he continued: "When I—er—built this little house, I had some doubts about the wisdom of the step, but to-night it has been more than justified, and I am proud that my first guests should have been representatives at once of the old nobility and the beauty of France."

"Bravo, Butterfield Ossett!" cried the Vicomte as he sat down, and the Vicomtesse rewarded him with yet another of her gracious smiles.

They lingered over their cigarettes, and the Vicomte sang several songs. At last the lady rose. "Anton," she said, "while I clear the table, continue at the piano, if Monsieur the Major will allow it. It is his one distraction from unpleasant thoughts," she added, in a low voice, to her host. -

"By all means go on playing," said Butterfield. "And I will assist you, madame."

The Vicomte needed no pressing, and he played dreamy nocturnes while his wife and his host carried the dinner things into the kitchen. The Vicomtesse commenced to wash the plates, but the Major would not allow this. He washed, and she dried them. More than once their hands touched during the process, and Butterfield noted with pleasure that no apologies appeared to be necessary. It was with genuine regret that he handed her the last dish.

The clock was striking twelve as they

re-entered the salon. "Butterfield Ossett," said the Vicomte, "we must crave your hospitality for the night. To-morrow I will search for my chauffeur at the bottom of the cliffs."

"Of course you are my guests till to-morrow," said the Major. "If you will take the room upstairs I will spend the night down here. I can sleep quite well on that couch."

"You are a soldier to the bone," said the Vicomte admiringly. "I myself could not sleep on that sofa, but I refuse to take your bedroom. My wife shall have the sofa, and I will spend the night pacing the room with my unhappy thoughts."

"Nonsense," said Butterfield, "I will not hear of such a thing. I insist upon your taking the room upstairs."

"Who am I to refuse?" said the Vicomte. He took the Major's hand, and wrung it. Then, before Butterfield had grasped his intention, he leaned quickly forward and kissed him. The Major drew back hastily in order to avoid a salute on the other cheek. "Butterfield Ossett, you are—how do you call it?—a brick," said the Vicomte. "Bon soir, et dormez bien."

As the Vicomtesse bade her host good night he felt a gentle and unnecessary pressure of her hand, which he returned.

Husband and wife ascended the steps and waved a final "bon soir" on the way. Then the door at the head of the stairs closed, and Butterfield was left in possession of the room below.

He sat down before the fire and thought over the amazing events of the evening. At six o'clock he was a sober, sad, and law-abiding British tourist, without a friend in the country. Since then he had assumed possession of a stranger's house, and there entertained guests—a vicomte who had been dismissed from the army for cowardice, and his wife—beautiful, accomplished, and a perfect cook. They had had a nice little dinner together, and he had passed a most delightful evening, and the countess had flirted with him. Such things could only happen in France, the country of intrigue and adventure.

laughter in the room above. The laughter died down, and the voices sank lower. Then they ceased. Butterfield stoked up the fire, pulled the couch round, and lay down on it.

Hark! What was that? He sat up.

There was the click of a door, and a stealthy movement on the stairs. He rose to his feet, and to his amazement the Vicomtesse was descending, clad in a loose white peignoir, her hair streaming down her shoulders. She put her fingers to her lips, enjoining silence; but this was unnecessary, for Butterfield was too astounded to speak. The Vicomtesse came towards him, and sat down on the sofa. -

"Monsieur the Major," she said, speaking in a subdued voice, "you must be a little surprised. Perhaps, as you are an Englishman, a little scandalised."

"Not at all—not at all," said Butterfield; "I assure you we are not so insular now. We have dropped many of our old prejudices."

"Monsieur," continued the lady, "I am a very unhappy woman," and in proof of it tears welled to her eyes as she spoke. "You know of my husband's disgrace. I have lived long years with him, and tried to comfort him, but little by little my love has disappeared. Perhaps I did not know it had all gone till to-night, when I met you—a brave soldier, hospitable, and not disgraced."

"You told him to-night that you loved him in spite of everything," said Butterfield, who did not like the drift of the conversation.

"I did, I did. I had unthinkingly betrayed his secret, and I had to comfort him, but my words had no real meaning. I have had to lead a life of dissimulation, and since I have known you the thought has come," here the Vicomtesse averted her head, "the thought has come, how happy could I be with him—with Butterfield Ossett!"

Butterfield stared in the blankest amazement at the Vicomtesse.

"Could we not fly together—now—this minute?" continued the lady calmly.

"Anton is fast asleep, and he will not wake till the birds are singing. Our motor is at hand, and I can drive it."

"It has broken down," said Butterfield.

"Léon will have repaired it, and by breakfast time we shall be far on our way to Paris. I have thought it all out. On such occasions even a woman can be practical, like you of your great nation."

Butterfield pulled himself together. Flirtation with the Vicomtesse was one thing—elopement was quite another. The idea was simply absurd. He would have to be brutally frank with her.

"Madame," he said, "I am flattered by your suggestion, but it is utterly impossible. I beg of you to rejoin your husband."

"You will not desert me?" she said, sinking on her knees before him.

"Promise me, Butterfield Ossett. You do not know the strength of a French woman's love. You will not refuse it. You cannot."

Butterfield stepped back. "Vicomtesse," he said, "if you do not go upstairs I must leave the house." He made towards the door.

"No, no. Oh, do not look so cold, Ossett," said the Vicomtesse, rising to her feet and following him. "Perhaps I have been too abrupt. I should have told you first with how much love you have inspired me. But is it not enough that I have placed my honour in your hands in meeting you here to-night at this hour? If you have any Listen" she cried in terrified accents.

There was the sound of steps outside, and then came a knock at the door.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" the Vicomtesse exclaimed, clasping her hands.

The knock was repeated.

followed by a rattle of the handle.

"It will awake Anton" she cried.

"Go upstairs at once," said Butterfield between his teeth. "Quick, and then I will open the door."

She made a few steps forward, and then fell to the floor.

The knock was again repeated, and a man's voice called out, "Ouvrez:"

"Merciful Heaven:" cried Butterfield, beads of perspiration starting from his forehead. He bent over the Vicomtesse, and tried to raise her, but she had evidently fainted. Again came the noise at the door, That must be stopped at all cost.

He pulled back the catch, and opened it.

A bearded man entered. "Sapristi he said, looking from Butterfield to the Vicomtesse. "Que diable faites-vous ici ?"

Butterfield stood there, tugging at his moustache. "Who are you?" he asked at length.

"Who am I ?" replied the man in English. "I am the proprietor of this house, monsieur. Pray who are you, and how do you come to be here ?" like you, for shelter. I found the window open, and entered."

"Then who is this lady?" asked the man.

"Mon Dieu !" cried the Vicomtesse hoarsely. "I beg of you not to talk so loud. You will wake my husband."

"Go | Quick ""

The Vicomtesse moved, sat up, and stared before her.

"I repeat," said the man : "I am the proprietor of this house. Who are you two P."

"The proprietor of the house !" said the Vicomtesse. "Why, isn't it yours, Monsieur the Major ?"

"No," said Butterfield. "I came here, "Your husband ' " repeated the new comer. "Here is a nice state of things for an honest man to find in his house." Then he laughed. "You have been a busy man this evening, monsieur. You have utilised a house that is not yours, and now you are entertaining a lady who is not your wife The master of the house is away, and the unsuspecting husband is asleep. Nom de Dieu ! what sort of a man do you call yourself?"

Butterfield crimsoned with shame and anger. "You need not make matters worse by raising your voice," he said. "I shall raise it as much as I like," said the man, "even if it lifts the roof off. Dame, oui. I will go upstairs and tell this trusting husband what is happening. Together we will decide what is to be done with you." He turned the key in the door behind him and pocketed it.

"Now, monsieur et madame," he said grimly, "we shall see what we shall see." Butterfield mechanically watched him mount the stairs. Here was an appalling contretemps. How could he possibly

give a satisfactory explanation to the Vicomte P What a frightful tangle he was in

The Vicomtesse broke the painful silence. "Fly!" she said, catching him by the arm. "You have not a moment to lose. Anton will kill you if you stay." "What about you?" said Butterfield. "Never mind me," she cried. "Anton will believe anything I say to him, but he will not believe you. Go! Quick!" Butterfield stared at the door. "It is locked," he said.

"The window," she gasped. "Oh, quick, or it will be too late." Upstairs there was the sound of voices, an exclamation from the Vicomte, and a tremendous oath. Then there was a heavy tread on the floor.

"Fly!" she cried, flinging open the window. Then, as footsteps were heard on the stairs, "Mon Dieu, you are lost !" Butterfield needed no further urging. He fled. The Vicomtesse watched him down the path, and closed the window. Then she burst into laughter.

The bearded man appeared on the stairs. "Has he gone?" he inquired as he descended. He removed his beard—and disclosed the features of the Vicomte de Montpellier. He joined in the merriment of his wife.

"Oh, Anton !" she cried; "what a pretty little comedy But you were a long time in coming. You almost placed me in a difficulty."

"Mon Dieu ! but it was a tight squeeze through the bedroom window. I believe I have sprained my foot in the jump. What a fright we gave that man "

"It served him right," said the Vicomtesse, drying her eyes. "He was excessively impolite. He positively refused to run away with me. But perhaps after all we punished him a little too severely to turn him out into the cold." "Then he should not have adopted our house as his own. It was just like an Englishman. It is their method of colonisation. Yes, we have given Monsieur le Major something to think about. Sapristi! but I could scarcely keep my face straight when you spoke of the China war and my cowardice with a mandarin. I verily believe my wife is an actress."

“At last you know it,” laughed the Vicomtesse. “But now surely it is time to sleep in earnest. I am so tired, Anton. I wonder where Butterfield Ossett is?” she said, as they ascended the stairs together.

“Ma chérie,” replied her husband, “one word more about that Englishman, and I shall be jealous in earnest.”

At Ossett, a fortnight later, Mr. John Butterfield, J.P., received a crate from abroad. It contained a bicycle and some clothing which he had left behind in Brittany. Tied to the handle-bar of the bicycle was a card bearing the inscription, “With the compliments of Monsieur and Madame Beaudelaire of the Comédie Française, and the little cottage near Val André.”



Illustrated By A. C. Ball.

“MAKE WESTING !”

BY JACK LONDON

*Whatever you do, make westing ! – make westing !
Sailing directions for Cape Horn.*

FOR seven weeks the Mary Rogers had been between 50° south in the Atlantic and 50° south in the Pacific, which meant that for seven weeks she had been struggling to round

Cape Horn. For seven weeks she had been either in dirt, or close to dirt, save once—and then, following upon six days of excessive dirt, which she had ridden out under the shelter of the redoubtable Terra del Fuego coast, she had almost gone ashore during a heavy swell in the dead calm that had suddenly fallen. For seven weeks she had wrestled with the Cape Horn greybeards, and in return been buffeted and smashed by them. She was a wooden ship, and her ceaseless straining had opened her seams, so that twice a day the watch took its turn at the pumps.

The Mary Rogers was strained, the crew was strained, and big Dan Cullen, master, was likewise strained. Perhaps he was strained most of all, for upon him rested the responsibility of that Titanic struggle. He slept most of the time in his clothes—though he rarely slept. He haunted the deck at night, a great, burly, robust ghost, black with the sunburn of thirty years of sea and hairy as an orang-outang. He, in turn, was haunted by one thought of action—a sailing direction for the Horn: “Whatever you do, make zvesting /—make zvesting / ” It was an obsession. He thought of nothing else, except, at times, to blaspheme God for sending such bitter weather.

“Make westing / ” He hugged the Horn, and a dozen times lay hove to, with the iron cape bearing east by-north, or north-north-east, a score of miles away. And each time the eternal west wind smote him back and he made easting. He fought gale after gale, south to 64°, inside the antarctic drift-ice, and pledged his immortal soul to the Powers of Darkness for a bit of westing, for a slant to take him around. And he made easting. In despair he had tried to make the passage through the Straits of Le Maire. Half way through, the wind hauled to the north'ard of north-west, the glass dropped to 28:88°, and he turned and ran before a gale of cyclonic fury, missing, by a hair's-breadth, piling up the Mary Rogers on the black-toothed rocks. Twice he had made west to the Diego Ramirez Rocks, one of the times saved between two snow-squalls by sighting the grave stones of ships a quarter of a mile dead

ahead.

Blow ! Captain Dan Cullen instanced all his thirty years at sea to prove that never had it blown so before. The Mary Rogers was hove to at the time he gave the evidence, and, to clinch it, inside half an hour the Mary Rogers was hove down to the hatches. Her new main top-sail and brand new spencer were blown away like tissue paper; and five sails, furled and fast under double gaskets, were blown loose and stripped from the yards. And before morning the Mary Rogers was hove down twice again; and holes were knocked in her bulwarks to ease her decks from the weight of ocean that pressed her down.

On an average of once a week Captain Dan Cullen caught glimpses of the sun. Once, for ten minutes, the sun shone at midday, and ten minutes afterward a new gale was piping up, both watches were shortening sail, and all was buried in the obscurity of a driving snow-squall. For a fortnight once, Captain Dan Cullen was without a meridian or a chronometer sight. Rarely did he know his position within half of a degree, except when in sight of land; for sun and stars remained hidden behind the sky, and it was so gloomy that even at the best the horizons were poor for accurate observations. A grey gloom shrouded the world. The clouds were grey; the great driving seas were leaden grey; the smoking crests were a grey churning; even the occasional albatrosses were grey; while the snow-flurries were not white, but grey, under the sombre pall of the heavens.

Life on board the Mary Rogers was grey-grey and gloomy. The faces of the sailors were blue-grey; they were afflicted with sea-cuts and sea-boils, and suffered exquisitely. They were shadows of men. For seven weeks, in the fore castle or on deck, they had not known what it was to be dry. They had forgotten what it was to sleep out a watch, and all watches it was "All hands on deck : " They caught snatches of agonised sleep, and they slept in their oilskins, ready for the everlasting call. So weak and worn were they that it took both watches to do the work of one. That

was why both watches were on deck so much of the time. And no shadow of a man could shirk duty. Nothing less than a broken leg could enable a man to knock off work; and there were two such, who had been mauled and pulped by the seas that broke aboard.

One other man who was the shadow of a man was George Dorety. He was the only passenger on board—a friend of the firm—and he had elected to make the voyage for his health. But seven weeks of Cape Horn had not bettered his health. He gasped and panted in his bunk through the long, heaving nights; and when on deck he was so bundled up for warmth that he resembled a peripatetic old-clothes shop. At mid day, eating at the cabin table in a gloom so deep that the swinging sea-lamps burned always, he looked as blue-grey as the sickest, saddest man for'ard. Nor did gazing across the table at Captain Dan Cullen have any cheering effect upon him. Captain Cullen chewed and scowled and kept silent. The scowls were for God, and with every chew he reiterated the sole thought of his existence, which was "Make westing /* He was a big, hairy brute, and the sight of him was not stimulating to the other's appetite. He looked upon George Dorety as a Jonah, and told him so once each meal, savagely transferring the scowl from God to the passenger and back again.

Nor did the first mate prove a first aid to a languid appetite. Joshua Higgins by name, a seaman by profession and pull, but a potwalloper by capacity, he was a loose-jointed, sniffing creature, heartless and selfish and cowardly, without a soul, in fear of his life of Dan Cullen, and a bully over the sailors, who knew that behind the first mate was Captain Cullen, the lawgiver and compeller, the driver and the destroyer, the incarnation of a dozen bucko mates. In that wild weather at the southern end of the earth Joshua Higgins ceased washing. His grimy face usually robbed George Dorety of what little appetite he managed to accumulate. Ordinarily, this lavatorial dereliction would have caught Captain Cullen's eye and vocabulary; but in the present his mind was

filled with making westing, to the exclusion of all other things not contributory thereto. Whether the first mate's face was clean or dirty had no bearing upon westing. Later on, when 50° south in the Pacific had been reached, Joshua Higgins would wash his face very abruptly. In the meantime, at the cabin table, where grey twilight alternated with lamp light while the lamps were being filled, George Dorety sat between the two men—one a tiger and the other a hyena—and wondered why God had made them.

The second mate, Matthew Turner, was a true sailor and a man; but George Dorety did not have the solace of his company, for he ate by himself, solitary, when they had finished.

On Saturday morning, July 24, George Dorety awoke to a feeling of life and headlong movement. On deck he found the Mary Rogers running off before a howling south-easter. Nothing was set but the lower top-sails and the fore-sail. It was all she could stand, yet she was making fourteen knots, as Mr. Turner shouted in Dorety's ear when he came on deck. And it was all westing. She was going around the Horn at last . . . if the wind held. Mr. Turner looked happy. The end of the struggle was in sight. But Captain Cullen did not look happy. He scowled at Dorety in passing. Captain Cullen did not want God to know that he was pleased with that wind. He had a conception of a malicious God, and believed in his secret soul that if God knew it was a desirable wind God would promptly efface it, and send a snorter from the west. So he walked softly before God, smothering his joy down under scowls and muttered curses,—for God was the only thing in the universe of which Dan Cullen was afraid.

All Saturday and Saturday night the Mary Rogers raced her westing. Persistently she logged her fourteen knots, so that by Sunday morning she had covered three hundred and fifty miles. If the wind held, she would make around. If it failed, and the snorter came from anywhere between south-west and north, back the Mary Rogers would be hurled, and be no better off than she had been

seven weeks before. And on Sunday morning the wind was failing. The big sea was going down and running smooth. Both watches were on deck setting sail after sail as fast as the ship could stand it. And now Captain Cullen went around brazenly before God, smoking a big cigar, smiling jubilantly, as if the failing wind delighted him, while down underneath he was raging against God for taking the life out of the blessed wind. "A/ake westing / " So he would, if God would only leave him alone.

At midday, after calling eight bells, Captain Cullen ordered the royals on. The men went aloft faster than they had gone for weeks. Not alone were they nimble because of the westing, but a benignant sun was shining down and limbering their stiff bodies. George Dorety stood aft, near Captain Cullen, less bundled in clothes than usual, soaking in the grateful warmth as he watched the scene. Swiftly and abruptly the incident occurred. There was a cry from the fore royal-yard of "Man overboard ' " Somebody threw a life buoy over the side, and at the same instant the second mate's voice came aft, ringing and peremptory: "Hard down your helm '"

The man at the wheel never moved a spoke. He knew better, for Captain Dan Cullen was standing alongside of him. He wanted to move a spoke, to move all the spokes, to grind the wheel down, hard down, for his comrade drowning in the sea. He glanced at Captain Dan Cullen, and Captain Dan Cullen gave no sign. "Down! Hard down " the second mate roared, as he sprang aft.

But he ceased springing and commanding, and stood still, when he saw Dan Cullen by the wheel. And big Dan Cullen puffed at his cigar and said nothing. Astern, and going astern fast, could be seen the sailor. He had caught the life-buoy and was clinging to it. Nobody spoke. Nobody moved. The men aloft clung to the royal-yards and watched with terror-stricken faces. And the Mary Rogers raced on, making her westing. A long, silent minute passed.

"Who was it?" Captain Cullen demanded. *

"Mops, sir," eagerly answered the sailor at the wheel.

Mops topped a wave astern and disappeared temporarily in the trough. It was a large wave, but it was no greybeard. A small boat could live easily in such a sea, and in such a sea the Mary Rogers could easily come to. But she could not come to and make westing at the same time.

For the first time in all his years, George Dorety was seeing a real drama of life and death—a sordid little drama in which the scales balanced an unknown sailor named Mops against a few miles of longitude. At first he had watched the man astern, but now he watched big Dan Cullen, hairy and black, vested with power of life and death, smoking a cigar. Captain Dan Cullen smoked for another long, silent minute. Then he removed the cigar from his mouth. He glanced aloft at the spars of the Mary Rogers, and overside at the sea.

"Sheet home the royals?" he cried. Fifteen minutes later they sat at table in the cabin, with food served before them. On one side of George Dorety sat Dan Cullen, the tiger; on the other side, Joshua Higgins, the hyena. Nobody spoke. On deck the men were sheeting home the sky-sails. George Dorety could hear their cries; while a persistent vision haunted him of a man called Mops, alive and well, clinging to a life-buoy miles astern in that lonely ocean. He glanced at Captain Cullen, and experienced a feeling of nausea, for the man was eating his food with relish, almost bolting it. "Captain Cullen," Dorety said, "you are in command of this ship, and it is not proper for me to comment now upon what you do. But I wish to say one thing. There is a hereafter, and yours will be a hot one." -

Captain Cullen did not even scowl. In his voice was regret as he said, "It was blowing a living gale. It was impossible to save the man."

"He fell from the royal-yard," Dorety cried hotly. "You were setting the royals at the time. Fifteen minutes afterward you were setting the sky-sails."

"It was a living gale, wasn't it, Mr. Higgins?" Captain Cullen said, turning

to the mate.

"If you'd brought her to, it'd have taken the sticks out of her," was the mate's answer. "You did the proper thing, Captain Cullen. The man hadn't a ghost of a show."

George Dorety made no answer, and to the meal's end no one spoke. After that, Dorety had his meals served in his state-room. Captain Cullen scowled at him no longer, though no speech was exchanged between them, while the Mary Rogers sped north toward warmer latitudes. At the end of the week, Dan Cullen cornered Dorety on deck.

"What are you going to do with me when we get to 'Frisco P' he demanded bluntly.

"I am going to swear out a warrant for your arrest," Dorety answered quietly. "I am going to charge you with murder, and I am going to see you hanged for it."

"You're almighty sure of yourself," Captain Cullen sneered, turning on his heel.

A second week passed; and one morning found George Dorety standing in the coach-house companion-way at the for'ard end of the long poop, taking his first gaze around the deck. The Mary Rogers was reaching full-and-by, in a stiff breeze. Every sail was set and drawing, including the stay-sails. Captain Cullen strolled for'ard along the poop. He strolled carelessly, glancing at the passenger out of the corner of his eye. Dorety was looking the other way, standing with head and shoulders outside the companion-way, and only the back of his head was to be seen. Captain Cullen, with swift eye, embraced the main-stay-sail block and the head, and estimated the distance. He glanced about him. Nobody was looking. Aft, Joshua Higgins, pacing up and down, had just turned his back and was going the other way. Captain Cullen bent over suddenly and cast the stay-sail sheet off from its pin. The heavy block hurtled through the air, smashing Dorety's head like an egg-shell, and hurtling on and back and forth as the stay-sail whipped and slatted in the wind. Joshua Higgins turned around to see what had carried away, and met the full blast of the vilest

portion of Captain Cullen's profanity.

"I made the sheet fast myself," whimpered the mate in the first lull, "with an extra turn to make sure. I remember it distinctly."

"Made fast !" the Captain snarled back, for the benefit of the watch, as it struggled to capture the flying sail before it tore to ribbons. "You couldn't make your grandmother fast. If you made that sheet fast with an extra turn, why didn't it stay fast? That's what I want to know. Why didn't it stay fast?"

The mate whined inarticulately.

"Oh, shut up !" was the final word of Captain Cullen.

Half an hour later he was as surprised as any when the body of George Dorety was found inside the companion-way on the floor. In the afternoon, alone in his room, he doctored up the log.

"Ordinary seaman, Karl Brun," he wrote, "lost overboard from fore royal yard in a gale of wind. If as running at the time, and for the safety of the ship did not dare come up to the wind. Mor could a Aboat have lived in the sea that was running."

On another page he wrote:—

"Had often warned Mr. Dorety about the danger he ran because of his carelessness

on deck. I told him once that some day he would get his head knocked off by a block. A carelessly fastened main-stay-sail sheet was the cause of the accident, which was deeply to be regretted, because Mr. Dorety was a favourite with all of us."

Captain Dan Cullen read over his literary effort with admiration, blotted the page, and closed the log. He lighted a cigar and stared before him. He felt the Mary Aogers lift, and heel, and surge along, and knew that she was making nine knots. A smile of satisfaction slowly dawned on his black and hairy face. Well, anyway, he had made his westing.



Illustrated By A. J. Balliol Salmon.

A LOVER'S DILEMMA.

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

HOW are you feeling now?"

Words cannot express the music of these six liquid syllables, that fell through the stillness and the blackness on my ears.

"Not very bright, I'm afraid, nurse."

Think of something to do with streams and moonlight, and you may have an idea of the mellow ripple of the laugh I heard.

"I'm not the nurse. Can't you tell the difference P I'm Miss Deane—Dr. Deane's daughter."

"Deane ?" I echoed.

"Don't you know where you are ?"

"Everything is still confused," said I.

I had an idea that they had carried me somewhere by train and put me into a bed, and that soft-fingered people had tended my eyes; but where I was I neither knew nor cared. Torture and blindness had been quite enough to occupy my mind.

"You are at Dr. Deane's house," said the voice, "and Dr. Deane is the twin brother of Mr. Deane, the great oculist of Grandchester, who was summoned to Shepton-Marling when you met with your accident. Perhaps you know you had a

gun accident?"

"I suppose it was only that, after all," said I, "but it felt like the disruption of the solar system."

"Are you still in great pain?" my unseen hostess asked sympathetically.

"Not since you have been in the room. I mean," I added, chilled by a span of silence, "I mean—I am just stating what happens to be a fact."

"Oh!" she said shortly. "Well, my uncle found that you couldn't be properly treated at your friend's little place at Shepton-Marling, so he brought you to Grandchester—and here you are."

"But I don't understand," said I, "why I should be a guest in your house."

"You are not a guest," she laughed

"You are here on the most sordid and commercial footing. Your friend—I for get his name."

"Mobray," said I.

"Mr. Mobray settled it with my uncle. You see the house is large and father's practice small, so we keep a nursing home for my uncle's patients. Of course we have trained nurses."

"Are you one?" I asked.

"Not exactly. I do the housekeeping. But I can settle those uncomfortable pillows."

I felt her dexterous cool hands about my head and neck. For a moment or two my eyes ceased to ache, and I wished I could see her. In tendering my thanks, I expressed the wish. She laughed her delicious laugh.

"If you could see, you wouldn't be here, and so you couldn't see me anyhow."

"Shall I ever see you?" I asked dismally.

"Why, of course! Don't you know that Henry Deane is one of the greatest oculists in England?"

We discussed my case and the miraculous skill of Henry Deane. Presently she left me, promising to return. The tones of her voice seemed to linger, as a perfume would, in the darkness.

That was the beginning of it. It was love, not at first sight, but at first sound. Pain and anxiety stood like abashed goblins at the back of my mind. Valerie Deane's voice danced in front like a triumphant fairy. When she came and

talked sick-room platitudes I had sooner listened to her than to the music of the spheres. At that early stage what she said mattered so little. I would have given rapturous heed to her reading of logarithmic tables. I asked her silly questions merely to elicit the witchery of her voice. When Melba sings, do you take count of the idiot words? You close eyes and intellect, and just let the divine notes melt into your soul. And when you are lying on your back, blind and helpless, as I was, your soul is a very sponge for anything beautiful that can reach it. After a while she gave me glimpses of herself, sweet and womanly, and we drifted from commonplace into deeper things. She was the perfect companion. We discussed all topics from chiffons to Schopenhauer. Like most women she execrated Schopenhauer. She must have devoted much of her time to me; yet I ungratefully complained of the long intervals between her visits. But oh those interminable idle hours of darkness, in which all the thoughts that had ever been thought were rethought over and over again, until the mind became a worn-out rag-bag! Only those who have been through the valley of this shadow can know its desolation. Only they can understand the magic of the un beheld Valerie Deane.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, one morning "Nurse says you are fretful and fractious."

"She insisted on soaping the soles of my feet and tickling me into torments, which made me fractious; and I'm dying to see your face, which makes me fretful."

"Since when have you been dying?" she asked.

"From the first moment I heard your voice saying 'How are you feeling now?' It's irritating to have a friend and not in the least know what she is like. Besides," I added, "your voice is so beautiful that your face must be the same."

She laughed.

"Your face is like your laugh," I declared.

"If my face were my fortune I should come off badly," she said, in a light tone. I think she was leaning over the foot-rail, and I longed for her nearer presence.

"Nurse has tied this bandage a little too tight," I said mendaciously. I heard her move, and in a moment her fingers were busy about my eyes. I put up my hand and touched them. She patted my hand away. "Please don't be foolish," she remarked. "When you recover your sight, and find what an exceedingly plain girl I am, you'll go away like the others and never want to see me again."

"What others?" I exclaimed. "Do you suppose you're the only patient I have had to manage P." I loathed "the others" with a horrible detestation; but I said, after reflection: "Tell me about yourself. I know you are called Valerie, from Dr. Deane. How old are you?"

She pinned the bandage in front of my forehead. "Oh, I'm young enough," she answered with a laugh. "Three-and-twenty. And I'm five foot four, and I haven't a bad figure; but I haven't any good looks at all, at all."

"Tell me," said I impatiently, "exactly how you do look. I must know."

"I have a sallow complexion, not a very good skin, and a low forehead."

"An excellent thing," said I. "But my eyebrows and hair run in straight parallel lines, so it isn't," she retorted. "It is very ugly. I have thin black hair."

"Let me feel."

"Certainly not. And my eyes are a sort of watery china-blue and much too small. And my nose isn't a bad nose altogether, but it's fleshy. One of those nondescript, unaristocratic noses that always looks as if it has got a cold. My mouth is large—I am looking at myself in the glass—and my teeth are white. Yes, they are nice and white. But they are large and protrude—you know the French caricature of an Englishwoman's teeth. Really, now I consider the question, I am the image of the English meers in a French comic paper."

"I don't believe it," I declared. "It is true. I know I have a pretty voice; but that is all. It deceives blind people. They think I must be pretty too, and when they see me—bonsoir /a

compagnie ' And I've such a thin, miserable face, coming to the chin in a point, like a kite. There ! Have you a clear idea of me now?"

"No," said I, "for I believe you are wilfully misrepresenting yourself. Besides, beauty does not depend upon features regular in themselves, but the way those features are put together."

"Oh, mine are arranged in an amiable sort of way. I don't look cross."

"You must look sweetness itself," said I. She sighed, and said meditatively: "It is a great misfortune for a girl to be so desperately plain. The consciousness of it comes upon her like a cold shower bath when she is out with other girls. Now there is my cousin "

"Which cousin?"

"My Uncle Henry's daughter. I tell you about her?"

"I am not in the least interested in your cousin," said I. She laughed, and the entrance of the nurse put an end to the conversation. Now I must make confession. I was grievously disappointed. Her detailed description of herself as a sallow, ill featured young woman awoke me with a shock from my dreams of a radiant goddess. It arrested my infatuation in mid-course. My dismay was painful. I began to pity her for being so unattractive. For the next day or two even her beautiful voice failed in its seduction. But soon a face began to dawn before me, elusive at first, and then gradually gaining in definition. At last the picture flashed upon my mental vision with sudden vividness, and it has never left me to this day. Its steadfastness convinced me of its accuracy. It was so real that I could see its expression vary, as she spoke, according to her mood. The plainness, almost ugliness, of the face repelled me. I thought ruefully of having dreamed of kisses from the lips that barely closed in front of the great white teeth. Yet, after a while, its higher qualities exercised a peculiar attraction. A brave, tender spirit shone through. An intellectual alertness redeemed the heavy features—the low, ugly brow, the coarse nose, the large mouth; and, as I lay thinking and picturing, there was re

vealed in an illuminating flash the secret of the harmony between face and voice. Thenceforward Valerie Deane was invested with a beauty all her own. I loved the dear, plain face as I loved the beautiful voice, and the touch of her fingers, and the tender, laughing womanliness, and all that went with the concept of Valerie Deane.

Had I possessed the daring of Young Lochinvar I would, on several occasions, have declared my passion. But by temperament I am a diffident procrastinator. I habitually lose golden moments, as some people habitually lose umbrellas. Alas ! There is no Lost Property Office for golden moments

Still I vow, although nothing definite was said, that when the unanticipated Shall

end drew near our intercourse was arrant love-making.

All pain had gone from my eyes. I was up and dressed, and permitted to grope my way about the blackness. To-morrow I was to have my first brief glimpse of things after three weeks in the darkened room. I was in high spirits. Valerie, paying her morning visit, seemed depressed.

"But think of it !" I cried in pardonable egotism. "To-morrow I shall be able to see you. I've longed for it as much as for the sight of the blue sky." "There isn't any blue sky," said Valerie. "It's an inverted tureen that has held pea-soup."

Her voice had all the melancholy notes of the wood-wind in the unseen shepherd's lament in Tristan und Isolde.

"I don't know how to tell you," she exclaimed tragically, after a pause. "I shan't be here to-morrow. It's a bitter disappointment. My aunt, in Wales, is dying. I have been telegraphed for, and I must go."

She sat on the end of the couch where I was lounging, and took my hands.

"It isn't my fault," she added.

My spirits fell headlong. "I would just as soon keep blind," said I blankly.

"I thought you would say that."

A tear dropped on my hand. I felt that it was brutal of her aunt to make Valerie cry. Why could she not postpone

her demise to a more suitable opportunity? I murmured, however, a few decent words of condolence.

"Thank you, Mr. Winter," said Valerie.

"I am fond of my aunt ; but I had set my heart on your seeing me. And she may not die for weeks and weeks. She was dying for ever so long last year, and got round again."

I ventured an arm about her shoulders, and spoke consolingly. The day would come when our eyes would meet. I called her Valerie, and bade her address me as Harold.

I have come to the conclusion that the man who strikes out a new line in love-making is a genius.

"If I don't hurry I shall miss my train," she sighed at last.

She rose. I felt her bend over me.

Her hands closed on my cheeks, and a kiss fluttered on my lips. I heard the light swish of her skirts and the quick opening and shutting of the door, and she was gone.

Valerie's aunt, like King Charles II., was an unconscionable time a-dying. When a note from Valerie announced her return to Grandchester, I had already gone blue-spectacled away. For some time I was not allowed to read or write, and during this period of probation urgent affairs summoned me to Vienna. Such letters as I wrote to Valerie had to be of the most elementary nature. If you have a heart of any capacity worth troubling about, you cannot empty it on one side of a sheet of notepaper. For mine, reams would have been inadequate. I also longed to empty it in her presence, my eyes meeting hers for the first time. Thus, ever haunted by the beloved plain face and the memorable voice, I remained inarticulate.

As soon as my business was so far adjusted that I could leave Vienna, I started on a flying visit, post-haste, to England. The morning after my arrival beheld me at Euston in the train that was to carry me to Grandchester. I had telegraphed to Valerie; also to Mr. Deane the oculist, for an appointment which might give colour to my visit. I was alone in the carriage. My thoughts, far away from the long platform, leaped the

four hours that separated me from Grandchester. For I pictured our meeting, speeches of burning eloquence. I saw the homely features transfigured. I closed my eyes, the better to retain the beatific vision. The train began to move.

Suddenly the door opened, a girlish figure sprang into the compartment, and a porter, running by the side of the train, threw in a bag and a bundle of wraps, and slammed the door violently. The young lady stood with her back to me, panting for breath. The luggage lay on the floor. I stooped to pick up the bag; so did the young lady. Our hands met as I lifted it to the rack.

"Oh, please don't trouble!" she cried, in a voice whose familiarity made my heart beat.

I caught sight of her face for the first time, and my heart beat faster than ever. It was her face—the face that had dawned upon my blindness—the face I had grown to worship. I looked at her, transfixed with wonder. She settled herself unconcerned in the farther corner of the carriage. I took the opposite seat, and leaned forward.

"You are Miss---" I foreshadowed the thousandth time tremulously. She drew herself up, on the defensive. "That is my name," she said.

"Valerie " I cried in exultation.

She half rose. "What right have you to address me?"

"I am Harold Winter," said I, taken aback by her outraged demeanour. "Is it possible that you don't recognise me?"

"I have never seen or heard of you before in my life," replied the young lady tartly, "and I hope you won't force me to take measures to protect myself against your impertinence."

I lay back against the cushions, gasping with dismay. "I beg your pardon," said I, recovering. "I am neither going to molest you nor be intentionally impertinent. But as your face has never been out of my mind for three months, and as I am travelling straight through from Vienna to Grandchester to see it for the first time, I may be excused for addressing you."

She glanced hurriedly at the commu-

tion cord, and then back at me, as if I were a lunatic.

"You are Miss Deane of Grandchester—daughter of Dr. Deane?" I asked.

"Valerie Deane, then?"

"Yes."

"Then all I can say is," I cried, losing my temper at her stony heartlessness, "that your conduct in turning an honest, decent man into a besotted fool, and then disclaiming all knowledge of him is outrageous. It's damnable. The language hasn't a word to express it!" She stood with her hand on the cord.

"I shall really have to call the guard,"

she said, regarding me coolly.

"You are quite free to do so," I

answered. "But if you do, I shall have to show your letters, in sheer self-defence.

I am not going to spend the day in

a police-station."

She let go the cord and sat down again.

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked.

I took a bundle of letters from my pocket and tossed one over to her. She glanced at it quickly, started, as if in great surprise, and handed it back with a smile.

Deane?" I asked

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"I did not write that."

I thought I had never seen her equal for unblushing impudence. Her mellow tones made the mockery appear all the more diabolical. -

"If you didn't write it," said I, "I should like to know who did."

"My cousin Valerie."

"I don't understand," said I.

"My name is Valerie Deane, and my cousin's name is Valerie Deane, and this is her handwriting."

Bewildered I passed my hand over my eyes. What feline trick was she playing? Her treachery was incomprehensible.

"I suppose it was your cousin Valerie who tended me during my blindness at your father's house, who shed tears because

she had to leave me, who —"

"Quite possibly," she interrupted.

"Only it would have been at her father's house and not mine. She does tend blind people, my father's patients."

I looked at her open-mouthed. "In the name of Heaven," I exclaimed, "who are you, if not the daughter of Dr. Deane Of Staverton Street P"

"My father is Mr. Henry Deane, the oculist. You asked if I were the daughter of Dr. Deane. So many people give him the wrong title that I didn't trouble to correct you."

It took me a few minutes to recover. I had been making a pretty fool of myself. I stammered out pleas for a thousand pardons. I confused myself, and her, in explanations. Then I remembered that the fathers were twin-brothers, and bore a strong resemblance one to the other. What more natural than that the daughters should also be alike P

"What I can't understand," said Miss Deane, "is how you mistook me for my cousin."

"Your voices are identical."

"But our outer semblances

"I have never seen your cousin -she left me before I recovered my sight."

"How, then, could you say you had my face before you for three months?"

"I am afraid, Miss Deane, I was wrong in that, as in everything else. It was her face. I had a mental picture of it."

She put on a puzzled expression. "And you used the mental picture for the purpose of recognition?"

"Yes," said I.

"I give it up," said Miss Deane.

She did not press me further. Her

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cousin Valerie's love affairs were grounds too delicate for her to tread upon. She turned the conversation by politely asking me how I had come to consult her father. I mentioned my friend Mobray and the gun accident. She remembered the case, and claimed a slight acquaintance with Mobray, whom she had met at various houses in Grandchester. My credit as a sane and reputable person being established, we began to chat amicably. I found Miss Deane an accomplished woman. We talked books, art, travel. She had the swift wit which delights in bridging the trivial and the great. She had a playful fancy. Never have I found a personality so immediately sympathetic. I told her a sad little Viennese story, in

which I happened to have played a minor part, and her tenderness was as spontaneous as Valerie's—my Valerie's. She had Valerie's woodland laugh. Were it not that her personal note, her touch on the strings of life, differed essentially from my beloved's, I should have held it grotesquely impossible for any human being but Valerie to be sitting in the opposite corner of that railway carriage. Indeed, there were moments when she zeras Valerie, when the girl waiting for me at Grandchester faded into the limbo of unreal things. A kiss from those lips had fluttered on mine. It were lunacy to doubt it.

During intervals of non-illusion I examined her face critically. There was no question of its unattractiveness to the casual observer. The nose was too large and fleshy, the teeth too prominent, the eyes too small. But my love had pierced to its underlying spirituality, and it was the face above all others that I desired. Towards the end of a remarkably short four hours' journey Miss Deane graciously expressed the hope that we might meet again.

"I shall ask Valerie," said I, "to present me in due form."

She smiled maliciously. "Are you quite sure you will be able to distinguish one from the other, when my cousin and I are together?"

"Are you then so identically alike?"

"That's a woman's way of answering a question—by another question," she laughed.

"Well, but are you?" I persisted.

"How otherwise could you have mistaken me for her?"

She had drawn off her gloves so as to give a tidying touch to her hair. I noticed her hands, small, long and deft. I wondered whether they resembled Valerie's.

"Would you do me the great favour of letting me touch your hand while I shut my eyes, as if I were blind?"

She held out her hand frankly. My fingers ran over it for a few seconds as they had done many times over Valerie's.

"Well?" she asked.

"Not the same," said I.

She flushed, it seemed angrily, and

glanced down at her hand, on which she immediately proceeded to draw a glove.

"Yours are stronger. And finer," I added, when I saw that the attribute of strength did not please.

"It's the one little personal thing I am proud of," she remarked.

"You have made my four hours pass like four minutes," said I—"a service to a fellow-creature, which you might take some pride in having performed."

"When I was a child I could have said the same of performing elephants."

"I am no longer a child, Miss Deane," said I with a bow.

What there was in this to make the blood rush to her pale cheeks, I do not know. The ways of women have often surprised me. I have heard other men make a similar confession.

"I think most men are children," she said, shortly.

"In what way?"

"Their sweet Miss Deane.

And then the train entered Grand chester station.

I deposited my bag at the station hotel, and drove straight to Staverton Street. I forgot Miss Deane. My thoughts and longings centred in her beloved counter part, with her tender caressing ways, and just a subtle inflection in the voice that made it even more exquisite than the voice to which I had been listening.

The servant who opened the door recognised me, and smiled a welcome.

Miss Valerie was in the drawing-room.

"I know the way," said I.

Impetuous, I ran up the stairs, burst into the drawing-room, and stopped short on the threshold in the presence of a strange and exceedingly beautiful young woman. She was stately and slender. She had masses of bright brown hair waving over irresponsibility," said

a beautiful brow. She had deep sapphire eyes, like stars. She had the complexion of a Greuze child. She had that air of fairy diaphaneity, combined with the glow of superb health, which makes the typical loveliness of the Englishwoman. I gaped for a second or two at this gracious apparition.

"I beg your pardon," said I—"I was

told—"

The apparition, who was standing by the fireplace, smiled and came forward with extended hands.

"Why, Harold ! Of course you were told. It is all right. I am Valerie."

I blinked; the world seemed upside down; the enchanting voice rang in my ears, but it harmonised in no way with the equally enchanting face. I put out my hand.

"How do you do?" I said stupidly.

"But aren't you glad to see me?"

asked the lovely young woman.

"Of course," said I; "I came from Vienna to see you."

"But you look disappointed."

"The fact is," I stammered, "I expected to see some one different—quite different. The face you described has been haunting me for three months."

She had the effrontery to laugh. eyes danced mischief.

"Did you really think me such a hideous fright?"

"You were not a fright at all," said I, remembering my late travelling companion.

And then in a flash I realised what she had done.

"Why on earth did you describe your cousin instead of yourself?"

"My cousin P How do you know that ?"

"Never mind," I answered. "You did. During your description you had her face vividly before your mind. The picture was in some telepathic way transferred from your brain to mine, and there it remained. The proof is that, when I saw a certain lady to-day, I recognised her at once and greeted her effusively as Valerie. Her name did happen to be Valerie, and Valerie Deane too, and I ran the risk of a police station—and I don't think it was fair of you. What prompted you to deceive me?"

I was hurt and angry, and I spoke with some acerbity. Valerie drew herself up in a dignified way.

Her

"If you claim an explanation, I will give it to you. We have had young men

patients in the house before, and as they have had nothing to do, they have amused themselves and annoyed me by falling in love with me. I was tired of it, and decided that it shouldn't happen in your case. So I gave a false description of myself. To make it consistent I took a real person for a model."

"So you were fooling me all time?" said I, gathering hat and stick. Her face softened adorably. Her voice had the tones of the wood-wind.

"Not all the time, Harold," she said. I laid down hat and stick.

"Then why did you not undeceive me afterwards P."

"I thought," she said, blushing and giving me a fleeting glance—"well, I thought you—you wouldn't be sorry to find I wasn't—bad-looking."

"I am sorry, Valerie," said I, that's the mischief of it."

"I was so looking forward to your seeing me," she said tearfully. And then with sudden petulance she stamped her small foot. "It is horrid of you—perfectly horrid—and I never want to speak to you again."

The last word ended on a sob. She rushed to the door, pushed me aside as I endeavoured to stop her, and fled in a passion of tears. *Spretæ injuria forma* / Women have remained much the same since the days of Juno.

A miserable, remorseful being, I wandered through the Grandchester streets, to keep my appointment with Mr. Henry Deane. After a short interview he dismissed me with a good report of my eyes. Miss Deane, dressed for walking, met me in the hall, as the servant was showing me out, and we went together into the street.

"Well," she said with a touch of irony, "have you seen my cousin?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you think her like me?"

"I wish to Heaven she were!" I exclaimed fervently. "I shouldn't be swirling round in a sort of Maelstrom." She looked steadily at me—I liked her downrightness.

"Do you mind telling me what you mean P."

"I am in love with the personality of one

woman and the face of another. And I never shall fall out of love with the face." the

"and

"And the personality?"

"God knows," I groaned.

"I never conceived it possible for any man to fall in love with a face so hopelessly unattractive," she said with a smile.

"It is beautiful," I cried.

She looked at me queerly for a few seconds, during which I had the sensation of something odd, uncanny, having happened. I was fascinated. I found myself saying: "What did you mean by the 'sweet irresponsibility of man'?" She put out her hand abruptly and said good-bye. I watched her disappear swiftly round the corner, and I went, my head buzzing with her, back to my hotel. In the evening I dined with Dr. Deane. I had no opportunity of seeing Valerie alone. In a whisper she begged forgiveness. I relented. Her beauty and charm would have mollified a cross rhinoceros. The love in her splendid eyes would have warmed a snow image. The pressure of her hand at parting brought back the old Valerie, and I knew I loved her desperately. But inwardly I groaned because she had not the face of my dreams. I hated her beauty. As soon as the front door closed behind me my head began to buzz again with the other Valerie.

I lay awake all night. The two Valeries wove themselves inextricably together in my hopes and longings. I worshipped a composite chimaera. When the grey dawn stole through my bedroom window, the chimaera vanished, but a grey dubiety dawned upon my soul. Day invested it with a ghastly light. I rose a shivering wreck, and fled from Grandchester by the first train.

I have not been back to Grandchester. I am in Vienna, whither I returned as fast as the Orient express could carry me. I go to bed praying that night will dispel my doubt. I wake every morning to my adamant indecision. That I am consuming away with love for one of the two Valeries is the only certain fact in my uncertain existence. But

which of the Valeries it is, I cannot for the life of me decide.

If any woman (it is beyond the wit of man) could solve my problem and save me from a hopeless and life-long celibacy, she would earn my undying gratitude.



A-DEVON-SONG

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

LAST dimpsy light I had gude speed—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
For the loveliest woman ever you seed
Went down-along over the water mead—
Sing hey, sing honey ho!
Her misty eyne was grey as glass—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
My stars if she were not a bowerly lass,
And be gormed if I could let the girl pass—
Sing hey, sing honey ho !
With bow and scrape I then began—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
“Now do ’e, I beg, let me carry your can.”
She smiled and said, “Out o’ my path,
young man.
Sing hey, sing honey ho!
“Your pathway shall be mine,” quoth I—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
“You’re the loveliest creature under the sky,
And for you I’ll live, and for you I’d die!”
Sing hey, sing honey ho!
“Gude Lord! wheer was you born ?” cried she
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
“I’m the farmer’s wife an a mother o’ three
My eldest be comin’ to welcome me.”
Sing hey, sing honey ho!
A tiny girl ran toddlin’ by—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
Wi’ a sunbonnet like a blue butterfly;
And she had her mother’s misty grey eye.
Sing hey, sing honey ho!
“Come hither, my li’l dinky miss,”—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey
“For to take to your butivul mother this.”
I picked up the cheel and gave her a kiss
Sing hey, sing honey ho!



BILLY'S MANHOOD.

BY G. B. LANCASTER.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. PAGET.

NO sane human should ever inter Nfere in the private life of any man or woman. But when Billy mixed up his life with those of Miss Le strange and the other man, he called me in to help.

Billy was a big, clean-souled, straight limbed boy, with the level head and eye which gave him top average for his district nearly every cricket season; the other man could smoke a pipe with me in silence, but I did not know his heart, for all that; and Miss Lestrangle I had never heard of until Billy came to me that night.

He came in the dark, with an unsteady step down the hall, and the door flung wide, so that my scattered papers eddied away into corners, smudging each other. I cursed Billy where I sat. Then I turned. And after that I got up and took him by the shoulders, and put him into my big chair.

“You’ll have a nip,” I said. “And then you’ll tell me who you’ve been killing,

Billy."

He needed that nip—badly. His hands shook, and the glass clattered on his teeth. Then I stood up before the fire, and looked him over.

He had no coat, and his trousers were wet to the knee with black slime, and his boots and his hands were cut. There was coal dust on his shirt and on the whiter flesh showing through the torn places. There was coal-dust dried in ridges on his face, and there was coal dust again in his thick fair hair. But it was his eyes that troubled me—Billy's frank eyes—for they carried the look of a man who battles with a temptation that is going to smudge or purify his soul. I had known Billy since he wore petticoats; but now I doubted if I knew him at all. He had come to the heritage of his manhood very swiftly.

"Well?" I said, and wondered how much right a man has to counsel another man when that other's moral sense is involved.

Billy was limp in the big chair. Exhaustion and trouble had weakened his fibres.

"How is a man to tell a chap that a girl loves him without pretending to know?" he said.

"He generally doesn't," said I. "He lets the other chap find out for himself."

"But when he doesn't know if the other chap wants to find out?"

"I give it up," I said.

"You can't. I've got to know—now."

"Billy," I said, "in a Latin sentence all the verbs are at one end, and the rest of the parts of speech are at the other. They may be very good parts of speech, but they're no earthly use without the verbs. Give me the verbs, please."

Billy looked at his hands. There was blood dried on them, and grime.

"Yes," he said, "of course. Did you know we went down the coal-mines to-day? Nine of us. We all got out; but for some hours we didn't think that any of us were going to get out."

"A slip?" I asked.

"Yes; a slip. There were the two Duncan girls, and Elsie Dare, and May Tompson, and Mr. and Mrs. Terris, and

Dickson, and—Miss Lestranger."

This was the name I had been waiting for. It did not need the break in Billy's voice to tell me.

"And yourself?" I said.

"Yes, We took two lamps, and some candles, and we explored lots of the galleries. The girls walked on the tram lines, an' we fellows walked in the water between an' held them up, an' o' course there was lots of laughing and talking and fun. We went down some awfully deep places, and there was white fungus as soft as the froth on milk standing up at the sides, and once a white rat ran along a ledge above us—such a whopper."

I understood that Billy was getting himself under control before he could speak Miss Lestranger's name again.

"Funny that white things should grow in a coal-mine," I said weakly.

"Yes; isn't it? There are gum-poles—they call 'em soldiers—along the galleries to prop the roof up, and we went into one deserted working where six were down in a row. It was infernally dry and close, and the candles wouldn't burn, and the walls crumbled where you put your hand on them, and just the action of walking made you sweat like a navvy. But she—one of the girls—wanted to follow up some line of strata, so we went on, with Mrs. Terris grumbling and growling at Dickson—she's his sister, y' know. An then . . . it came suddenly." I saw a shudder run over him, and for an instant he held his head in his hands. Then he said:

"We knew, of course. There was the ripping, shaking roar, and the kind of quiver; and the little bits of slate and coal were cracking off from the roof—one piece smashed my lamp; and the girls began to cry, and—oh, it was hell!"

He came over, and set his back to the mantelshelf. He was not fit to be on his feet; but I saw that he was going to fight his battle standing, and I let him be.

"Dickson is a white man," he said distinctly. "He deserves all the good he gets—if he—if he wants it."

"Oh, certainly," I murmured.

I understood that Dickson was the other man. There is always another man when the first man's eyes look as Billy's

did. -

"Dickson made a joke of it," said Billy.

"He even got Mrs. Terris to stop kicking up a row. Then he and I went back to look. But we knew it was hopeless before we got there. Then we searched along the walls for another gallery, and about half-way we found one, up level with our heads. Dickson boosted me into it, and I crawled on my stomach for twenty yards or so till I could stand up. Then, down a side working, fresh air blew in my face. I swallowed a good lot before I turned round. . . . I was a bit done up, you know." -

I nodded. The signs of physical effort were very plain on him.

"There were voices at the mouth of the cut when I came to it again. The women were half-fainting with the heat and the bad air, and the lamp had gone out. We got 'em up through the cut one by one, and dragged 'em along to the air. It was dark as death, and the roof was close down over our heads—if we'd died there, I don't believe our souls could have got out. And the going was all sliding shale and nasty jagged edges that cut if you touched them. Girls' clothes aren't built for that kind of work. We had to take 'em all through. . . . Dickson was looking after his sister. She wouldn't let him go, because she said Terris was no more good than a sick headache. And," said Billy sternly, "Dickson was quite right to look after his sister. She was his own flesh and blood."

"Of course," said I, and wondered.

Dickson is not the sort of man who requires championing by other men.

"I had pulled them all up through the cut," said Billy. "All but—Miss Lestrangle. I guessed she'd wait till the last, because I knew she had pluck. But when I put my hands down she wasn't there. And when I spoke she didn't answer. So I dropped down and struck a match . . . and I . . . couldn't see her."

On the fire a log of wood fell in half. I stooped, and knocked the ends together with the poker. Then Billy was speaking again.

"I ran along the gallery in the dark; for I'd only two matches left, and I knew I'd want them later. Then I found her.

She had fainted, or struck her head on something. She wouldn't be noticed, as she didn't make a fuss, and Dickson wouldn't know. A fellow can't go shouting out a girl's name in a crowd."

I knew that Billy had wanted to shout a girl's name that day.

"Well?" I said.

"I—she wasn't conscious when I found her. I got her up into my arms, and I—and I **

"You kissed her," I said. "Don't lie, Billy. I wouldn't give a brass farthing for you if you didn't kiss her."

Billy's bruised hand clenched on the mantelshelf.

"I'll swear I didn't know till then," he said, and his voice was harsh with intense feeling—"not till the slip came. Then I knew that if she didn't come out alive I would not want to. But when I found her, and I didn't know if I'd come too late, then I kissed her. And her lips were warm."

Once, long ago, I had gone to a girl, not knowing if I went too late. And I had kissed her. But her lips were cold.

"God has been very good to you, Billy," I said.

"Has He P I don't know. Then . . ."

BILLY'S MANHOOD. 75 I

Billy looked at me, and there was defiance in his eyes. "I'm telling you this because I have to, not because I want to. And if you're going to make a jeering beast of yourself *>

"I'm not," I said.

thinking of Billy at all.

"I held her . . . and I kissed her.

But I didn't speak. And . . . when her arms came round my neck and she kissed me back, I . . . didn't speak then, either. Words didn't matter. . . . Then she must have fainted again. There was blood on her head, and I bound it up as well as I could. And I carried her. . . . I had to be very careful getting her up into the top workings."

Billy was a strong youth, and well made; but there was ample explanation for his bodily exhaustion now.

"I got along over the shale somehow.

It was slow work, for I was so afraid of knocking her against the jagged bits.

But I wasn't tired at all."

"Oh no !" I said decidedly.

"I lost my way up on the shale," said Billy. "The air got worse, and the heat was like hell. I—I had to put her down at last, and when I tried to speak my tongue was dry, and I could only whisper. I thought it was going to be death for us both there together, and . . . when she pulled my face down and asked me, I told her so. And she laughed. I tell you it was a real laugh. And death didn't matter at all. And I held her tight . . . and I took that ruby ring—you don't know it—I took it off her right hand and I put it on the third finger of the left, and I kissed it there. . . ."

Billy's voice was growing very uneven, and I would have brought out the whisky again, but I did not dare. For there are times when a man must bite on the bullet with his senses clear.

"We both thought it was death then, I think. The air was very bad, and it hurt to breathe. But we had our arms round each other. . . After a bit I took her up and I went on. And at last there was air, and up through a chink in the wall there was a pin-speck of light that I knew for a man-hole. I got a broken soldier out of the side-way, and knocked the chink bigger—it was rotten stuff caved in. And she was coming round again when I got her up towards the air; but I wouldn't let her climb, for it was that slippery yellow stuff, But I was not you know, and an angle of about one in three."

I came with the whisky then, mixed stiff; for no man has the right to play with his physical and moral sinews as Billy had played with his. But he turned from me.

"No," he said. Then: "It was getting lighter now, and I felt her turn in my arms, and her eyes were open." He paused a moment, and then said levelly, "She had thought I was Dickson."

I did not say anything. I knew that he did not want me to.

"I let her go when I had seen her face, and she came up behind me, not even holding to me. And at the to?"—I thought that Billy was going to break down at last, but I did not yet know the

stuff his manhood was made of—"at the top she held out both hands to me, and she told me that because I'd saved her and because I'd put that ring there, it would not come off till I . . . till . . . I . . . put another. . . . If I had not seen her when the light first came I mightn't have known. So I laughed, and kissed her hand, and I told her that we'd wait till we were clean enough to see each other before we spoke about it again. Then I took her home, and I came to you."

"Billy," I said, and I did not touch him nor look at him—"Billy, are you very sure that she thought it was Dickson ?"

Billy lost guard of himself for the first time. "Sure!—sure ! My God! Do you think a man 'd tell another man that he was in hell if he could help it? Yes; I'm sure. And now . . . how am I to free her?"

"Tell her that now you know she mis took you for Dickson— "

"Oh ! . . . you . . . Tell her that I know she loves with all her heart and soul a man who perhaps doesn't care a curse for her?"

I thought a moment. Dickson and Billy were much the same build of men. Both had firm beardless faces and ordinary features. Miss Lestrangle would be thinking of Dickson, and the boy Billy would be outside her mind altogether. Besides, she would be dazed with her fall.

"It's a rotten idea for all young men to clean-shave," I said.

"I came to you," said Billy, "because 752 THE PALL MALI, MA(SAZINE. you know Dickson rather well. Does he love her—or any one else?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Then I want you to find out."

"Find out? I ? I ask Dickson?"

Billy, fellows don't nose into Dickson's private affairs."

"You will," said Billy. "He wouldn't listen to me. But you can make him listen. And I must know—now."

And then the front door banged, and a step rang on the passage flooring. We both knew that step. Dickson walked always with the steady, rather heavy tread

of a military man. He pushed the room door open and halted on the threshold. And he was very nearly as dirty as Billy, though it was anger and not exhaustion that held him.

"What the devil do you mean by losing your way, you young fool?" he cried. "I went straight back, and you must have gone

up some confounded side passage **
I stood forward. Billy was not in a fit state for bullying just then. Frankly, I was not eager for it myself.

"Now, you stop that, Dickson," I said. "There's something else in the wind. I'm going to ask you an impertinent question."

I heard Billy's breath in a sob behind me, and the grate of his foot on the fender. And I wondered how he was going to stand up to it.

Dickson laughed a little.

"Then I'd advise you not to ask it," he said.

"Thanks. I don't want to. But—

Dickson, are you in love with Miss Le strange?"

Dickson jumped, and the red flooded his face.

"I've seen a man badly hurt for a less impertinent question than that," he said, and his voice was very quiet.

"Yes," I said. "But you're not going to hurt me. You know I wouldn't ask it without a very good reason."

"No reason is good enough to justify an impertinence," said Dickson; but I knew by then, and so I didn't mind.

And I had to have it, all the same.

"All right," I said; "you shan't get any reason at all just now. But, for the sake of love and honour, Dickson, you'll answer me this."

Dickson looked past me to Billy.

And what he saw probably brought his reply.

"I meant to ask her to marry me to day," he said, "but I didn't get the chance. I mean to ask her to-morrow."

Then Billy tumbled over in a heap.

But he never said a word. He went down with his flags flying.

"It's all right," I said to Dickson, as we lifted the limp thing between us.

"Hearts don't break at his age—or at any

other age either, for that matter. But if you or I came through our first fight as well as Billy has done, we're pretty decent sorts on the whole. An you'll have to interview us both, Dickson, before you call on Miss Lestrangle."

Billy came to the full stature of his manhood that night; but he did not let his cricket averages go down. Perhaps that is why I am proud to have him come in sometimes and smoke a pipe with me – in silence.



PORT ISAAC.

HEAVEN of blue,
The hill-side waving green;
The white-capped clouds,
Sunlight serene.
Bright tossing waves,
Each tipped with sparkling light;
Swift-moving sails,
The seagulls' flight.
The little beach,
The tiny cove inset;
The black-browed men,
The dripping net,
Houses piled high
So weather-worn and gray;
A little church,
The quiet bay.
The blessed rest,
The lilt of happy song;
The keen salt air
Sweeping along.
Fain would I stay
On thy enchanted shore;
Lulled in thy peace,
For evermore.
H. F. R.

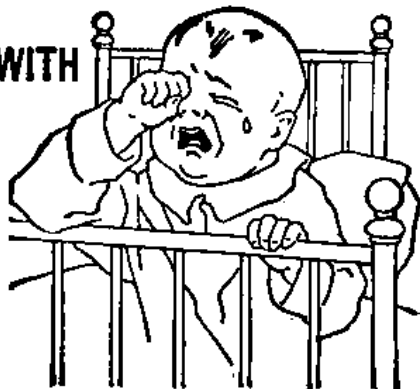
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Actual advert found on the last pages of the magazine. One wonders if young Brian Eno was flipping through one of these issues in his grandparent's library....